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commonweal

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ISRAEL
IT'S DILEMMA AND OURS

ALBERT B. SOUTHWICK
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NEWS AND VIEWS

Seminary enrollments in the U.S.—down 2,667 in 1967 and another 5,543 in 1968—will be down again, and sharply so, when Catholic census figures are released in May. That is, if tabulations out of Philadelphia count for anything. Which they undoubtedly do; Philadelphia is one of the weather-vane sees of the U.S.

Msgr. Edward J. Thompson, vocations director for the Archdiocese of Philadelphia, clues on what to expect nationally in reporting a continued decline of vocations to the religious life in the archdiocese. The drop there has reached 60 percent over the past four years.

The decline is general, but it is especially severe among candidates to the priesthood. St. Charles Seminary, the archdiocese's study center for future priests, had an enrollment of only 30 last year, as compared to a peak of 94 in 1964.

Two hundred young women entered the convent from Philadelphia in 1968; this was a drop of 55 from the previous year.

Msgr. Thompson is confident that the vocations trend will be reversed this year, but this seems so much whistling in the dark, particularly given the drying up of the parochial school as a wellspring for vocations.

Public schools of the Philadelphia area turned out four more students with religious vocations in 1968 than the year before. Catholic schools, on the other hand, were dramatically off, dropping in vocations produced from 47 in 1967 to 17 last year.

Nor is Philadelphia's vocations plight unique. Dan Herr speaks in the current *Overview* of numerous seminaries, monasteries, novitiates and convents across the country "all but empty, occupied by only skeleton staffs which do little more than maintenance work."

"Any business caught in similar circumstances would be forced to sell," Herr comments. "Religious organizations, however, with their tax-exempt status and low-cost labor force can hold out for a long time."

According to Herr, the reluctance to vacate these white-elephant edifices is due not to any real hope of a resurgence of vocations, but a fear of increasing headaches by advertising the extent of the vocations crisis.

Smaller religious orders are said to be particularly reluctant to shut down facilities, lest the action prove fatal. As Herr remarks, "No one wants to board a sinking ship."

•

A new grievance of the black American community—and a crucial one it is—is cited by Vincent Harding in *Columbia Forum*: the brain drain.

"Political forces are competing with both business and academe for the most vigorous, creative black leaders, resulting in a 'brain drain' no less significant than the one we see internationally," Harding writes.

The prime targets: blacks who hold Ph.D. degrees and outstanding black students.

"Every black Ph.D. who has had his name mentioned twice, or who has published in the slightest review, is besieged by Northern, as well as Southern white institutions," Harding comments.

In addition, Northern white schools "now move relentlessly" through Raleigh, Charleston, Atlanta, Birmingham, New Orleans—"the heartland of the black schools' potential resources"—in search of the best black students.

The fact that this is done in the name of liberalism does not lessen the shock or blunt the bitter edge, Harding holds. "The process of cultural deracination continues apace and its cloak is 'integration.'"

Harding proposes some mutually beneficial correctives: less recruitment of black faculty from black schools, but more visiting professorships for blacks in white schools; and the twinning of black and white institutions, and built-in student exchange programs.

He also urges the funding of an autonomous black educational foundation to promote creative work on black campuses, and a cooperative effort to train teachers in Afro-American studies.

Harding confesses that his proposals are made "not as a blind act of faith in American educational institutions, but as an expression of that critical hope and ultimate commitment to a new humanity which alone make life bearable . . . in this strange and threatening land."

The hope lacks a strong ring of optimism.

•

There'll be no Biblical-Liturgical Institute this summer at Holy Cross Abbey, Canon City, Colorado.

Last summer's session featured Father Bernard Häring on *Humanae Vitae*, and produced a statement signed by 220 of the 350 participants appealing to Pope Paul to seek a broader consensus on the birth control issue.

Now comes a notice from the Institute staff announcing cancellation of next summer's session and demise of the Institute. The explanation offered: "some unforeseen difficulties."

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Army Chief of Chaplains Francis L. Simpson (major general) explains in *Army Digest* why "morale is so high" among GIs in Vietnam: "They know they must be there for only one year. Also, they know if they are hit they will get immediate aid, evacuation and treatment." Great morale booster that.

In addition, there's the food. "Hot meals are provided them in the most amazing places. We ate delicious hot chicken and drank iced tea at an outpost near the Cambodian border."

Finally, there's the Army chaplain. "The chaplain goes with them not as a hawk or a dove—but under the aegis of the American Eagle and in the inspiration of the Holy Spirit," said the Army's top chaplain. "We, too, are soldiers—soldiers of America and soldiers of God."

Which makes everything perfect.

JOHN DEEDY

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CORRESPONDENCE

The Evangelical Witness

Elkhart, Ind.

To the Editors: This note is in response to the first item on page 330 [Dec. 6]. Mr. Deedy chides the bishops for suggesting that alternative service for conscientious objectors should not be easy.

The issue he raises here has long divided Christian pacifists; I would just want to suggest that his sense of moral offense is not the only logical position.

If one's interest is on insisting that a society ought to be as good as one wants it to be, then of course a society which discriminates less against the minority and gives the greatest freedom in recognizing individual conscience is the more humane society.

But that is not the only value to be considered. The Christian pacifist is also interested in the evangelical quality and impact of his behavior. From this perspective, the apparent privilege of being "let off" with less danger and without undergoing serious testing of his claims to a minority conscientious stand does not commend the conscientious authenticity of the position itself.

Now in proper strategy and interpretation I would hope we would not always have to choose between these two values. But when we do, I would still be more concerned for the clarity and authenticity of the evangelical witness than for the capacity to demand of government that it give me equal justice. Of course, in an Anglo-Saxon society it is meaningful for a conscientious objector to say he is simply asking for the rights which Anglo-Saxon thought gives to the dissenter. But that is an argument based upon an Anglo-Saxon legal tradition and is not really conscientious objection. What really matters is that he refuses to have a part in a morally intolerable action, and that he makes this refusal independent of what it will cost him.

I would hope that as more Catholics enter the ranks of objectors to war they would strengthen the element of

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CAN WE DISCUSS THE MIDEAST?

There are some subjects too painful for discussion. The Middle East problem comes close to being one of them. So many ghosts surround it, so many, too many, uncomfortable reminders of our past and our responsibility. The establishment of Israel, the anger of the Arabs, the plight of the refugees are intimately tied to things we would like to forget although we must not: the broken promises and racist manipulation of Western imperialism, the centuries of anti-Semitic persecution, the Holocaust and the world's indifference to it. The nationalist myths which have nourished both sides in this conflict are our myths; the violence and terror were also our violence and terror. The drama in the Middle East is one of the few among international conflicts which truly merits the overused term, "tragedy." But it is our tragedy and not only that of the Arabs and Israelis. "If God as some now say is dead," writes I. F. Stone, "He no doubt died of trying to find an equitable solution to the Arab-Jewish problem." God is not dead, but He seems to be silent. Perhaps we should be too.

This issue of *Commonweal,* of course, is an expression of the view that we cannot be silent, no matter how painful the discussion may be. We cannot because of that very burden of responsibility, both Western and Christian. (Nothing demonstrates the double burden of specifically Christian responsibility as strikingly as an article in the Fall issue of *Judaism* arguing that the burgeoning of medieval anti-Semitism was an outgrowth of the anti-Islamic fervor of Christendom.) We cannot be silent because the seeds of nuclear war now find the most fertile soil in Mideast deserts, even more so than in Asian rice paddies. Furthermore, the fate of Israel does depend to a large extent on the policy of the United States.

The reaction to the Athens attack and the Beirut retaliation demonstrates the difficulty of discussing the Middle East. Apart from the fairness or un-

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fairness of criticism of Israel's role in that affair, it is clear that many supporters of Israel consider almost any criticism of Tel Aviv as the first sign of an American betrayal of Israel—they have, of course, painful memories on which to ground this suspicion. It has been suggested that the future of Christian-Jewish dialogue depends on Christians' hewing a rather narrow line in support of Israel. And recently, black-white confrontations in areas like the New York schools, in the midst of which has arisen the specter of black anti-Semitism, have produced turmoil in the Jewish community, charges and counter-charges, all threatening new divisions, new ugliness, and new difficulties in freeing any discussion of the Middle East from the suspicion of incipient betrayal.

Overreaction leads to overreaction. The largely pro-Israel bias of the American press and the enthusiasm, often stemming from very questionable motives, of many Americans for the astounding Israeli victory of June, 1967, have, in turn, produced the sentiment among some intellectuals that they must emphasize the Arab justifications and stress the more doubtful aspects of Zionist ideology and Israeli history. Their position, too, is understandable. Stand up for the underdog. It is essentially the outlook which made the French Catholic weekly *Témoignage Chrétien* rather simplistically pro-Arab: we must be with the "poor of the earth."

Supporting the underdog appears reasonable enough, but in the Middle East situation it is non-conclusive if not even obfuscatory. Who is the underdog? The poverty-stricken Palestinian refugees? The surrounded Israelis? Who is the underdog in the world? The Jews, who still suffer from recurrent anti-Semitism? The Arabs, who are scorned as backward and primitive—and treated like blacks are in America when they live abroad in countries like France?

The problem with this approach is that it puts a premium on being wronged. It encourages exaggeration and paranoia. It forgets that today's victims may be tomorrow's oppressors. It is forever on the pendulum, and ends by celebrating suffering rather than removing its causes.

Something similar must be said, although in a nuanced manner, for the historical approach to the Middle East question. Without understanding the history of the region and the conflict, there can be no understanding of the present crisis. Without an awareness of blindness shown by both sides in this clash, there can be no guarding against the righteousness which so often invests this debate.

But history can be a dangerous agitator as well as a wise teacher. History is a chronicle of wrongs and the record of bloodshed; and may as easily lead to the justification of a little more as to its prevention. In the question of Athens-Beirut there were some who preferred to judge the matter from the point of view of legal justice: Who had committed the first injustice? Who deserved punishment and had the punishment been fitting? The same approach is often taken with the entire history of the Jewish-Arab struggle. Unfortunately, the mists are not yet as heavy over that history as they are over the past of other regions and other nations; the acts of force which accompanied the establishment of Israel are more visible, and spur the desire for vengeance. We prefer another kind of justice, a justice which would judge Athens-Beirut from the point of view of how it contributed to pacifying the future, not settling the scores of the past; a justice which would look upon the whole Middle East crisis in the same way. In this future-oriented perspective, Arthur A. Cohen's cry against simple compassion is relevant. So is Albert Southwick's examination of demographic trends, a question his commentators did not deal with.

The problem of Arab-Israel relationships will continue for decades. Painful as it is, the discussion must continue.

GAMBLING WITH NATURE

Perhaps luck will hold out and mankind will settle the usages of pesticides and herbicides short of the disaster it appears to be courting. But one should not count on it. There are few lessons learned, even when chlordane, used to kill insects on forage, turns up in Montana milk; or when azodrin kills natural predators as well as bollworms on cotton plants; or when dieldrin kills not only Japanese beetles but wild life of all kinds in and around Lake Michigan. The State of Wisconsin is holding hearings on the use of pesticides and herbicides, but generally the spraying continues indiscriminately, with little concern about ecological consequences.

There is even a problem of coming to grips with the use of herbicides in Vietnam. Evidence is wide-spread that herbicides used to defoliate forests are altering Vietnam's environment in ways no one fully understands, but the strongest the American Association for the Advancement of Science could be at its recent convention in Dallas was to ask a study of the "potential risks and benefits" of the spraying of herbicides in war. The study will be made, but not until after the cessation of hostilities—which adds delay to temporizing.

It seems to be ever such. The UN General Assembly required only one day last month to debate and pass a resolution expressing concern over the impairment of the human environment. The UN agreed that "grave dangers" will ensue unless the balances of nature are properly controlled, and voted to convene a conference on the problem. But the date set for assembling the conference is three years off. The UN "crisis conference calendar" is booked until then. More delay.

UN discussion did, however, serve one immediate purpose: to dramatize that it is not only the herbicides of war and increased chemicalizing in agriculture which threaten a radical upsetting of the ecology of the world,

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but also modern life-styles. The U.S. for example, spews 142 million tons of smoke and noxious fumes each year into the atmosphere, empties billions of gallons of hot water and pollution into lakes and rivers, and piles up decay-proof waste astronomically—such as 7 million automobiles and 26 billion bottles and jars, per annum. The very nature around mankind, in a word, is being tested by the technology which is modern man's mode.

In this context, the exasperation of anthropologist Margaret Mead with the Association for the Advancement of Science acquires distinct validity. Dr. Mead stomped out of the Dallas meeting, charging that the Association was fixed on war and oblivious to ecological damage being done elsewhere in the name of progress, as in Egypt by the Aswan Dam. She has a point. Ecological issues are world-wide, they relate to all of life, and they may not await the dispositions of politically-conscious scientists, or, more specifically—since it is in the better position of attacking the problem globally—the UN and its time-tables.

The United Nations conference on the problems of human environment is set for 1972. But by 1972 the balance between land, plants, animals and humans will be further tilted, in some cases irreversibly so. Dr. Barry Commoner, director of the Center of the Biology of Natural Systems at Washington U., St. Louis, has warned that "unless we begin to match our technological power with a deeper understanding of the environment we run the risk of destroying the planet as a suitable place for human habitation." Dr. Commoner has only to be partly right to make waiting until 1972 a reckless indulgence in time.

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CHANGING OF THE GUARD?

WILMINGTON: OCCUPIED CITY

The State of Delaware will seat a new governor on Jan. 20, Republican Russell W. Peterson, and the big question is: will he keep Wilmington under military occupation? A protest group is planning a national mobilization in Wilmington for Jan. 21 in hopes of bringing pressure on the new governor, but Peterson's dispositions, many fear, may not prove markedly different from the man he is succeeding. This isn't a pleasant prospect.

Delaware's outgoing governor, Democrat Charles L. Terry, Jr., proved one of the grim practitioners of the new "law and order" politics. Terry has kept the Delaware National Guard patrolling the Wilmington ghetto continuously since the April disturbances. Terry had the Guard shut down the predominantly black Delaware State College at Dover last spring after the students had seized the Student Center demanding a more black-oriented curriculum and more black representation on the Board of Trustees. Terry kept a contingent of guardsmen in Dover all summer with a night-time patrol at Delaware State. In addition to Wilmington and Dover duty, Terry stationed guardsmen at Rehoboth Beach during the summer months anticipating in his own words an "uprising by the long-haired boys."

Complementing his military pacification program, Terry pushed through the Delaware General Assembly, a stringent anti-riot law making it a felony punishable by three years without parole for anyone over 16 present at the scene of a riot not to contribute to its suppression. He also signed an anti-loitering act barring non-students from a college campus without an official reason or invitation.

Not surprisingly, the Guard has brought neither security nor peace to Wilmington's streets. Every evening at 5:30 squads of guardsmen and state police leave the Wilmington Armory to peruse the inner city, breaking up street gatherings of any character, incensing the blacks and producing an illusion of security for suburban Delaware. Crime in Wilmington for May and June of 1968 was 29 percent higher than in the corresponding months of 1967. The Guard's presence seems almost designed to provoke the black hostility and violence with which Terry is constantly frightening the State. Two incidents are illustrative. On last April 30, a Guardsman accidentally killed a young black, Douglas Henry, Jr., whose car had been stopped by guardsmen and state police for questioning in a $100 gas station holdup. (This incident made it clear that, contrary to official policy, Guardsmen were participating in police arrests.) On September 30, 1968, two leading members of the black community, a minister and a candidate for the State House, reported Wallace stickers posted on the back of two of the jeeps touring their neighborhood.

The response to Henry's death was the passage of a bill in the state legislature, supported by Terry, making Guardsmen immune from criminal prosecution for any act committed in the line of duty. The response to the charge of Wallace stickers was relative unconcern by the deputy adjutant general of the Guard who was questioned about it.

In the face of these pressures the patience of the black community has been remarkable. But Terry is constantly predicting trouble in the ghetto, over-reacting to any incidents in the State of black militancy or violence, and thereby casting himself in the role of the supreme guardian of law and order.

Last March, Terry brought in 50 state police to con-

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front a non-violent demonstration of welfare mothers and black youth in Legislative Hall in Dover who were protesting cuts in Delaware's miniscule welfare appropriation. The police, badge numbers covered and accompanied by snarling dogs, forced the group out of the Hall without their seeing any of the welfare cuts restored. Terry later commented that he hoped the demonstrators didn't get a taste of the State Police *and* the National Guard.

On Aug. 31, six men, purportedly members of a Black Liberation Army, were arrested on the outskirts of Wilmington for allegedly practicing military maneuvers and discharging firearms. When it was announced that four of the six were members of the OEO-supported Wilmington Youth Emergency Action Council, a community action group working with black youth and effective channeling gang antagonisms, Terry promised he would veto any of WYEACs' future OEO funds. OEO subsequently withdrew its support of WYEAC.

In September, when a group of white parents complained to the Governor of incidents of black students' harassing white students in the Wilmington schools, Terry called a highly publicized conference of state officials and announced to the television cameras that $150,000 of state money would be available immediately to hire monitors to police the halls in seven Wilmington secondary schools. While the incidents may have been serious, they were not new and were heretofore neglected. They were simply used to show how far Terry would go to protect white people and property while he begrudged black mothers a modest welfare payment.

As if to dramatize the public danger, Terry has surrounded himself with an awesome bodyguard of four state policemen, two private guards and a pair of police dogs. Yet he is as indifferent to political criticism as he is sensitive to his own personal safety. At a recent local Democratic fund-raising dinner, Ted Sorenson, the guest speaker, sardonically alluded to Terry as the "Richard Daley of Delaware." Terry sat placidly in the audience and smiled at the remark.

While Delaware went overwhelmingly Republican November 5, Terry was defeated by barely 2,000 votes. His Republican opponent, duPont executive Russell Peterson, defeated Terry by emulating his politics. Peterson began his campaign by opposing the stationing of the guard in Wilmington and later reversed his position. Terry attempted to turn his contest with Peterson into a referendum on the guard issue, but Peterson sensed the power of the issue and claimed he (Peterson) would use any amount of force necessary to maintain law and order. Terry was eager for Wallace votes and attempted to get Humphrey's state coordinator removed from Delaware for his consistent anti-Wallace statements. When asked last July, Terry remarked, "I don't think George is a racist . . . I have been called a racist and God knows I have done everything I could to help the Negro people."

And so he has. Even five years ago it would have been unthinkable that Americans would accept the permanent stationing of troops in the cities to police the blacks. In Delaware, Charles Layman Terry, Jr., has gulled many into applauding it and dares anyone to oppose it. By playing off the misery of black people against the fears of whites, he has emulated George Wallace and has reminded us once again that Chicago may not have been the last act of the old politics but the first act of the new.

ROBERT J. BRESLER

(Robert J. Bresler is an Assistant Professor of Political Science at the University of Delaware.)

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THE UNTOUCHABLES

MOB SCENE IN JERSEY

In New Jersey the Mob is big business. Its annual take is estimated at $1 billion, which puts it at the same income level as the State government. Unobtrusive and smooth, the Mob normally operates with the finesse of an organization that has been around for a long time. It has. In the '30s it was called the Combination, as Jewish, Italian, and Irish mobsters split bootleg profits. In the '40s it was known as the Syndicate, with gambling and narcotics its key sources of income. In those days the Italians began to predominate as many New Yorkers moved to Jersey to get clear of Dewey's racket-busting. Now a new generation has added big-time hijacking and loansharking to the repertoire along with a spate of legitimate enterprises, and business is better than ever.

There have been sporadic attempts to go after the Jersey Mob but its power and money function largely unchecked—facts nearly any newspaper reader with open eyes would know. Still, recent statements that the Mob has connections within the State legislature have evoked a circus and scandal that could be the main issue in next year's Gubernatorial campaign. As some of these long-sealed boxes begin to open, New Jersey is entering a period of pro-forma political noseholding and polite shock. It remains to be seen whether real change will follow.

The latest dust-up began last fall when two former U.S. Attorneys labeled New Jersey as the nation's most corrupt state. Officially outraged at the blanket charge, State Attorney General Arthur Sills (implicitly besmirched and since then an unannounced candidate for governor) moved quickly to empanel a Grand Jury to

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investigate. At its head he placed William J. Brennan III, son of the U.S. Supreme Court Justice and an assistant on Sills' staff.

Soon Brennan hit problems: his review of State and federal files indicated widespread public acceptance of shady activity, and he was hurt by New Jersey's lack of a law permitting court-ordered bugging. Invited to appear before a meeting of the New Jersey chapter of Sigma Delta Chi, the professional journalism fraternity, he prepared a speech making these two points. But in the course of it he dropped a blockbuster: he said he "knew at least three legislators who are entirely too comfortable with members of organized crime."

Both parties sensed a major issue. The Republicans, in control of the legislature and hungry to get into the executive mansion after 16 years outside, demanded that Democratic Governor Richard J. Hughes order Brennan to reveal his list—which grew to six names within a few days. Brennan, afraid of libel and asserting he was not talking about anything indictable, just too much coziness, refused to talk except before a duly constituted group. Hughes tossed the problem back to the legislature. Each side was reticent to act, preferring that the other point the finger at its own man. The answer was a bi-partisan special committee (fitting, since Brennan's names —as many as finally became public—turned out to be a bi-partisan list) which convened to hear the evidence.

Brennan appeared twice, once in open session, once in private. The three legislators named publicly were involved, it turned out, in lawyer-client relationships with suspected mob figures: one handled real-estate deals; a second arranged settlement in a case between a suspected loan-shark and a complainant who charged he had been threatened with "death or injury for the purpose of extortion"; the third was a character witness for a relative of the reputed Brooklyn Mafia boss. The accused in the last case had been arrested by a State Trooper who found him sitting in his car on a remote road near a hole in the ground which resembled a freshly dug grave. When asked why he was hanging around he told the trooper he was "meditating."

To many this seemed to be pretty damaging information. Lawyers settling cases are normally familiar with their clients' activities; character witnesses are presumably intimate with those for whom they appear. But the lawmakers were first relieved, then unimpressed, and finally scornful. "Did you ever hear anything like this?" said one. "Brennan's come up with nothing, just rumors and not much of those. I'll tell you the truth, I thought we were really going to hear something, like payoffs from gambling, prostitution, narcotics. But this stuff—can you imagine ruining lives on stuff like this?" So what now? Probably very little. The special committee only reluctantly revealed the other three names, even though the evidence against them was described by the committee's counsel as "less invidious" than what Brennan presented. That this could be taken as cause to name them apparently never occurred to anyone.

It is possible that this first shunting-aside might not be the end of the trail; there are some other groups a-digging. A Statewide grand jury is being assembled to continue Brennan's work, and New Jersey's newly-organized State Investigation Commission has reserved the right to look into the legislative connection—although this panel showed its political sensitivity by initially deferring to the legislature in order to give it time to make its own inquiry. But the pressures against looking further in the same direction will be enormous now that Brennan's information has been belittled and he finds himself reassigned and without a champion.

Still this is the way any serious probe should go. The Mob's money makes it a major interest with resources enough to pay for what it wants. Evidence of wide-open organized crime in Jersey abounds—the most recent addition coming during the trial of Newark Police Director Dominick Spina for willful nonfeasance in respect to gambling. The case was dismissed, but during the trial County detectives and members of the Newark force testified about "green cards" shown during raids which holders apparently believed would help them with the cops. Shortly before the trial opened federal officials broke a $24-million numbers ring operating out of Newark. Now that the Mob's black money is financing legitimate companies in the vending machine, garbage collection and construction fields, its interest in government figures obviously increases.

The last time a major crime scandal broke in Jersey, in the early 50's, a vigorous gambling probe destroyed a $1 million ring in Bergen County and the repercussions permitted Democrat Robert Meyner to ride a reform wave to victory in the 1953 gubernatorial election. It could happen again, with one or both parties coming up with a White Knight candidate. This would be a blow to several already weak county organizations and might be good for liberals in both camps. Something else which could come from Brennan's charges is approval of court-ordered taps, and a tightening of New Jersey's conflict of interest law to prohibit legislators from working for shady firms or individuals. But these are second-level events. Getting at the Mob and curbing its power are something else. It does so well, in large part, because people want its services—gambling, quick money, cheap goods. Unless government can come up with alternatives, like well-regulated credit buying, low-interest loans, and cheap, well-paying, quick action lotteries, the Mob has a ready market. So long as it does, prosecutions will change faces more than the underlying realities. Things will continue to be slippery as mercury, and men like Brennan will get short shrift. WILLIAM SCHECHNER

(A freelance writer and occasional contributor to Commonweal, *William Schechner was for several years an investigative reporter on the* Bergen County Record.*)*

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ANOTHER LOOK AT ISRAEL

To visit Israel today is to experience a moral and emotional vertigo

ALBERT B. SOUTHWICK

"Visiting Israel is a disturbing experience to any Jew, however peripheral or marginal a Jew he may be," writes Georges Friedmann in *The End of the Jewish People?* It is also a disturbing experience to non-Jews of a certain age and experience—those middle-aged liberals whose outlook toward Jews and Judaism was forged vicariously in Hitler's dreadful ovens a generation ago. To visit Israel today—particularly if one also visits Jordan and Lebanon—is to experience a moral and emotional vertigo that leaves a taste of ashes in the mouth.

It is not that the Israeli accomplishment is less impressive than imagined. If anything it is more so. The desert truly blooms. The exiles have been gathered in from the far corners of the earth. The Israelis themselves —tanned, vigorous, valiant—seem to be living proof that the Judaic experience over the millennia apparently distilled a superior human material from its variegated streams, just as David Ben Gurion has so often said.

Add to that the miraculous achievement of the Six-Day War and you get an almost providential saga. David vs. Goliath. The children of exile home at last to worship once more at the Wailing Wall. Safe for all time from Auschwitz, the ghetto, and the immemorial curse of prejudice and rootlessness.

It is a story that appeals to the Biblical consciousness and the sentimental liberalism of Americans. It also helps to stifle any guilt feelings that may linger from those hideous days when the Jews of Europe tried to flee Hitler's tightening net and found almost all doors closed. Pope Pius XII is by no means the only person in authority who looked away.

The answer, of course, was Israel, the Jewish home in Palestine that Lord Balfour had promised. To support Israel was an expiation, and many of us gave our hearts to the cause. To question the wisdom of displacing the native Arabs with foreign Jews was to play the game of the wicked Grand Mufti. To feel sympathy with the million or so Arab refugees was to turn one's back on the Six Million who had died in Hitler's fearful extermination pits. As war followed war, and Israel waxed ever stronger, it was always the Arabs' fault and their sufferings were of their own making.

Yet, despite their fatal genius for putting themselves in the wrong, the Arabs have a far more powerful case than most American liberals care to admit. They have suffered wrongs that, under ordinary circumstances would be considered cruel beyond belief. In order for a Jewish state to be established in Palestine, a thousand year old Arab Palestine community was wiped out and most of its residents scattered into squalid shanty towns of hate and hopelessness. Because of the crimes of a Christian nation in Europe, the people of the Near East had a catastrophe visited upon them, and they have been repeatedly punished in wars that they cannot seem to avoid precipitating.

Nothing fails like failure, and the Arabs have stumbled from one non-success to another. One result is the comic Arab stereotype—the shiftless, boastful, cowardly camel jockey. More than 15,000 Egyptians, Jordanians, and Syrians died horribly in the Six-Day War, thus inspiring at least 15,000 jokes for night club comics in Miami, Las Vegas, and elsewhere. There seems to be something morally reassuring in this sort of ridicule. *Untermensch* do not prick the conscience the way real human beings do. And who can deny that the teeming refugee camps seem filled with *untermensch*—particularly on those days when prosperous Israelis and Americans, loaded down with cameras, take the bus tour through the Gaza Strip?

It was in a refugee camp—actually the camp at Shuneh in Jordan—where I felt a sharp twinge of moral vertigo. Had we liberals given our hearts to Israel over the years for this? Located on a dusty plain in the Jordan Valley, 1,000 feet below sea level, it was packed with more than 10,000 refugees who fled their homes on the West Bank during the fighting in June. These were former merchants, farmers, craftsmen and manufacturers

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who had lost everything they had owned—homes, businesses, machinery, property—all. The women in our party wept at the sight of newborn twin girls lying on a filthy blanket on the dirt floor of a tent, flies buzzing around their faces. The single word that best describes those 10,000—and 200,000 more like them—and another 700,000 who lost their homes and their land 20 years ago—is "victims." No euphemism will do.

History is cold-hearted and perhaps—perhaps—all this could be justified if Israel had proved to be a force of liberation, universality, and enlightenment in the Middle East. If it could be shown that the Arab masses, as well as the Jewish elite, eventually stood to benefit from Jewish hegemony in Palestine; if the rulers in Tel Aviv and Jerusalem showed the vision of Moses and the imagination of Isaiah in bringing some modern revelation to Jew and non-Jew alike; if the most precious strain of Judaism —its combination of compassion and justice—were to flower in this new Zion, all might yet be well.

But Israel has not become, or done any of those things. Georges Friedmann thinks Israel is the end, not the flowering of the Jewish spirit and tradition. The native Hebrew sabras show little interest in Jewish traditions of the past 2,000 years, and the orthodox religion is far more active politically than spiritually. Not more than 10 or 15 percent of Israeli citizens attend synagogue regularly, even though the orthodox rabbinate has managed to maneuver the state into a sort of pseudo-theocracy where Jew may not marry non-Jew and where all non-Jews are clearly made to understand that they are second-class citizens.

As for the Arabs, how can they look on Israel as anything other than an alien, aggressive thing, introduced into the Arab world by force and sustained by a dangerous expansionist drive? A hundred years ago Palestine was solidly Arabic, and had been for more than a thousand years. At the time of the Balfour Declaration in 1917, there were probably fewer than 50,000 Jews in Palestine, and there were only 170,000 as late as 1930. But in the past 38 years, that small minority has been swelled by successive waves of immigration (*aliyot*) to more than 2.5 million Jews, who have established in Palestine a radically different nation and philosophy from anything that has been seen there in all its long history.

"Israel is an anomaly," writes one Arab, Dr. Mounir Sa'adah of the Choate School, "a materialist-collectivist society, a theocracy resting upon racism and triggered by arrogant nationalism." Those harsh words are an overstatement, but they contain an uncomfortable residue of truth. Israel, to an American, is one of the friendliest and most pleasant places to visit. But few non-Jewish Americans (or Jewish Americans, for that matter) would care to live there. It is an exclusive society, as David Ben Gurion once made clear to an Israeli Arab: "You must know that Israel is the country of the Jews and only of the Jews. Every Arab who lives here has the same rights as any minority citizen in any country in the world, but he must admit that he lives in a Jewish country." The paradoxes in that statement are both naive and remarkable.

Here an instructive contrast can be drawn between Israel and Lebanon, its next-door neighbor. Lebanon may have a less efficient government than Israel, and it certainly does have an odd parliamentary system (by long tradition, the various top government positions from prime minister on down are earmarked for representatives of the various religious groups). But Lebanon's large number of minority groups feel relatively comfortable. They are not automatically considered second-class citizens as is the case in Israel.

Yet the eternal Jewishness of Israel is an article of faith with the Israeli establishment. In his interview with our group, at the College of the Negev located on the rim of the spectacular Zin Canyon, Ben Gurion repeated what he has so often said—that "at least" three million more Jews must settle in Israel in the next 25 years if the state is to be secure. But no such emigration will take place. The 2.5 million Jews in the Soviet Union would not be allowed to leave for Israel even if they wanted to. The 6 million in the United States show little interest in the idea. Neither do the 500,000 in France or the 450,000 in Britain. It was regarded as a terrible scandal in Israel when the great majority of Algerian Jews chose to go to France rather than Israel when Algeria became independent. Last year, we were told, the number of Jews who left Israel exceeded those arriving. With the mass exodus of Jews from North Africa, Iraq, and Yemen just about finished, Israel has exhausted the last large reservoirs of immigrants. From here on in, the Jewish population of Palestine is going to progressively diminish in relation to the Arab population with its much higher birth rate.

The demographic facts put a very clear handwriting on the wall. The Israeli Arab population (those Arabs who have lived in Israel for the past 20 years and are considered Israeli citizens) number about 250,000, or about 12 percent of the Israeli total. The annexation of old Jerusalem adds another 60,000 Arabs. If Israel were to annex the West Bank, with its 700,000 people, the Arab population would be almost 40 percent of the total. Even the Israelis admit that 40 percent would become a majority within 15 years.

Whether the West Bank and the Gaza Strip are annexed or not, the Arab population in what used to be Palestine will outnumber the Jewish population before 20 years have elapsed. In 40 years, the Arabs will be perhaps twice as numerous as the Jews. Will Israel then still try to maintain itself as "the country of the

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Jews and only of the Jews?" Can it do so without progressively becoming an elitist tyranny, after the order of Rhodesia and South Africa?

Such questions do not sit well with American liberals. Most of us have been so thoroughly conditioned by the Jewish agony and holocaust that we prefer to keep silent rather than say anything that conceivably might feed the sparks of anti-Semitism. But does the compassion we feel for the Jews and the admiration we feel for Israel mean we must harden our hearts against the victimized Arabs? Are the refugee camps of Gaza justified somehow by the Nazi concentration camps 25 years ago?

At some point, distinctions must be made. World Jewry is one thing. Our "Judaeo-Christian heritage" is something else. Israel is something different from either.

Unfortunately, these are distinctions we are not permitted to make, judging from an exchange of views in the March issue of the *Andover Newton Quarterly*. There it is spelled out by both Christian and Jewish spokesmen that "the Christian failure to see the Jewish state as a theological fact" has broken off the "dialogue" between Christian and Jew in this country.

Politics and theology always make a dangerous mix, and Israel is no exception. In his celebrated essay of disenchantment with Israel, published in *The New York Review of Books,* I. F. Stone put the point pithily: "Israel is creating a kind of moral schizophrenia in world Jewry. In the outside world, the welfare of Jewry depends on the maintenance of secular, non-racial, pluralistic societies. In Israel, Jewry finds itself defending a society in which mixed marriages cannot be legalized, in which non-Jews have a lesser status than Jews, and in which the ideal is racial and exclusionist. Jews must fight elsewhere for their very security and existence—against principles and practices they find themselves defending in Israel. Those from the outside world, even in their moments of greatest enthusiasm amid Israel's accomplishments, feel twinges of claustrophobia, not just geographical but spiritual. Those caught up in Prophetic fervor soon begin to feel that the light they hoped to see out of Zion is only that of another narrow nationalism."

For this heresy, Stone was drawn, quartered, flayed, flogged, and racked in print. James Michener, a 110 percent gentile Zionist, exclaimed that "this colossal miscarriage of an idea" sounded as if Hannah Arendt had written it, which is akin to pronoucing the medieval anathema on Stone. The mutual feeling between Miss Arendt and certain Zionist circles is unmitigated loathing.

"But—" the reader will say, "we cannot abandon Israel. We cannot stand by and watch another genocide."

Of course not. But neither do we have to stand by and endorse the building of an exclusionist semi-theocracy based on dubious millennial notions, especially when this is being done in such a way as to polarize the whole Middle East into attitudes of hatred that guarantee another war. We need not remain silent about the suffering and injustice that have been inflicted on the million native Palestinians who, after 20 years, still fester in miserable shanty towns.

The May 3 issue of *The New York Times* carried a page advertisement heart-rending to those of us who once pledged ourselves to the creation and the defense of Israel:

WANTED: A BALFOUR
TO FOUND A NATIONAL HOME
IN PALESTINE
FOR ONE AND A HALF MILLION
ARAB REFUGEES

Can the living compassion that once leaped into action when Jews were the victims be silent now in the face of this new appeal?

Four Responses

ARTHUR A. COHEN

Yehezkel Kaufmann, the great modern Jewish Biblical exegete, wrote in 1930 a book, *Exile and Alienage*, in which he described the predicament of the Jews amid the nations. A Zionist ideologue of philosophic and historical sophistication, he concluded his study with a chapter of secular ecstasy, "The Pangs of Redemption," in which he called for a rejuvenation of the Jewish will to national self-liberation. Even then, one year after the massacre of Jewish settlements in Palestine by Palestinian Arabs, he recognized that the consequence of a large Jewish settlement would be the displacement of a millennial society of Arabs, the polarization of Arab nationalism, and the miserable prospect of a sullen, angry, and vengeful Arab world. The only fact that Kaufmann had not anticipated was that the mass immigration of Jews to Palestine would occur, not as a result of a quest for self-redemption, but as a refuge center for the survivors of the Holocaust. Otherwise all that he foresaw has come to pass.

The pain of Albert B. Southwick's essay, "Another Look at Israel," is that it is right (despite my strong feeling of its polemical disingenuousness) and useless. The victim now victimizes, the terrorized terrorize, the once-homeless now create homelessness. Tragic. Part of the

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ecology of human history. But what's to be done? How does one interrupt the chain of aggression and reaction, both Israeli and Arab? How does one move Christian humanitarians, like Southwick, to stop getting things off their good chests and come up with some hard proposals for rapprochement? How does one get support for Israeli organizations like *Ihud*, founded by Buber, Simon, Bergmann, and others, to establish colloquy with the Arab world, but now floundering for lack of energetic endorsement? Unfortunately, Southwick has nothing but tears. For Israelis there are, however, prior issues—the experience of isolation, self-reliance, primary dependence upon Jewish solidarity throughout the world does not make for a particularly moral politics, if politics are ever moral. The only way, apparently, for Jews to insure to Christians that they're in the moral right is to lose, to retain their own millennial privilege as victims. The Israelis as "victors" must always be in the wrong in the eye of humanitarian radicals and Christian conservatives.

There is no question but that fault can be found with Israel. There is no question but that moral arrogance and ethnocentric pride are contemptible. It is not, however, that Israeli Jews should know better. Having been a victim is no pedagogy and no persuasion. Should Jews know six million times better than non-Jews? If only the issues were as clear as Southwick wants them. If the issues were only that of right and wrong: if only the Israelis hadn't been threatened by Arab genocide; if only *fedayeen* attacks on Jewish settlements had not been continuous for 20 years; if only the Arab population had not fled Israel; if only Nasser had not decided to cover the failure of Egyptian socialism by convoking holy war, and, also, if only the Jews had not remembered that all their allies of the last 20 years, including the United States, had weaseled, weakened, or even repudiated what are called "commitments."

It is miserable that people suffer and starve. Unfortunately Southwick is content with his cry. What are his proposals? Apparently none but the cry. Until he comes up with something that transcends the necessity of apportioning blame nothing will be accomplished. Certainly nothing will be accomplished with Jews if Southwick can honestly conclude his essay with a line like "compassion that once leaped into action when Jews were the victims. . . ." Come now, Southwick. Where was all this compassion? I'd love to have you over to tell me about it one day. We can have tea and compassion.

PAUL JACOBS

A fundamental problem of the Middle East is that two groups of equally determined people are convinced, equally, of their moral right to occupy the same land space and each is prepared to exercise military power to achieve their objective.

This tragedy has many dimensions, but surely one of the most painful is raised by Mr. Southwick—that of the Palestinian refugees. I believe their plight may have no solution for they will never be accepted into an Israeli state in which they are able to exercise effective political power: speaking of the Israeli Arabs, the Israeli Prime Minister's Advisor on Arab affairs, just after the Six Day War, told me: ". . . we don't ask an Arab to be a Zionist. We don't want him to sing Hatikvah or to join the Israeli Army . . . . He belongs to the Arab nation on one side and he belongs to the Israeli state on the other side. And these two are in a state of war. . . . That's why we tell the Arabs: 'You mustn't be a Zionist. But you must obey the laws of this country. You can't be against this country. But we don't want you to be a real Zionist. It's up to you, you can speak Arabic, you can have the Arab way of life, you should pray to Allah, but we don't want you to be a Zionist . . . .' "

Even if there were peace between Israel and the Arab nations, most Israelis assume their country should never have substantial numbers of Arab citizens. A prominent member of the Israeli cabinet who, after the war, favored establishing a loose federation with a Palestinian Arab state, stated to me: "I take it for granted that Israel is a Jewish state."

Obviously, he, like the other ideological Zionists who built the country, would oppose any policy that might lead to an Arab majority in Israel. The younger generations of Israelis would oppose such policies, too, because Israel *as it is now*, a Jewish state, is their country whose right to exist they will defend at all costs.

During the Six Day War, the agony of the Arab refugee problem was overshadowed in the Israeli consciousness by the spectre of an Arab-inspired Auschwitz. Even those Israelis who in the past were the most vociferous opponents of their own government's policy towards the Arabs, were convinced in the days before the Six Day War that the Arabs were intent on wiping them from the face of the earth, while the rest of the world stood by, passively. (The

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Arab leaders, with their endless and mindless shouts for the destruction of Israel and the physical annihilation of the Israelis, must bear the primary responsibility for having convinced all Israelis they had to fight for their very lives.)

So, today, the increased number of refugees have become a reservoir of terrorists, carrying out savage guerrilla attacks in Israel; the Israelis respond with increasing numbers of more severe forays into Arab territories and the tension grows ever more frightening.

Unless. Unless what? Unless the Arabs begin a dialogue which has as its premise accepting Israel's existence and giving up the hope of restoring Arab Palestine. But a simultaneous dialogue must begin among Jews, too, based on accepting their basic responsibility for the plight of the refugees. Jews must understand the awful truth of what Martin Buber said: "There is no re-establishing of Israel, there is no security for it save one: it must assume the burden of its own uniqueness, it must assume the yoke of the kingdom of God."

But, I believe, sadly, that neither of these dialogues are likely to be opened. Instead, I think another war will erupt soon.

BRUNO HUSSAR

As a Catholic priest living in Israel for over fifteen years, in friendly relationship with Jews and Arabs, I have discovered how complex and difficult it is to understand the situation here. I wonder how some people, after a short visit in the Mideast, can feel qualified to express with assurance a clearcut judgment.

Mr. Southwick's article seems to me very seriously biased. My purpose is not to point out its inaccuracies, its one-sided and distorted presentation of the refugee problem for which Arab leaders bear a heavy responsibility, its lack of understanding of what is really happening in Israel, and its total lack of sensitivity to the true drama of the Israel-Arab conflict. The article unquestioningly accepts that propaganda which endeavors to draw world attention away from the human problems which confront two neighboring countries and direct it towards the artificial and delusive field of pan-Arabic politics, for which the 1967 Khartoum Conference's directive: *no negotiation, no recognition, no peace* . . . remains the program. Such an article cannot further the cause of peace. My purpose is to point out some of the difficulties in judging correctly this very complex situation, for the benefit of further discussion; and to bring into the discussion some experience and reflections I share with other Christians in Israel.

Mr. Southwick has some excuse for not understanding the situation in the Mideast. It is difficult for a Westerner to understand the Orient; and a visitor can hardly discover the hidden causes of what is happening in this part of the world; propaganda, also, has become such a perfect technique, that the unaware visitor absorbs lies with the very air he breathes.

Mr. Southwick has a still better excuse for his complete misunderstanding of Israel, a people and a country full of paradoxes: citizens can be as different as a Yemenite and a Pole, yet blended together by the Land of their common origin and destiny; narrow, exclusive nationalists living side by side with generous followers of the universalistic visions of the Prophets (which are strongly expressed in the *Charter of Independence* as the character and aim of the State of Israel); fighters for democratic freedom opposing the efforts of the modern zealots for a pseudo-theocracy; a socialist country seemingly striving towards a materialist paradise, where hundreds of thousands of people go up to the Western Wall to pray on feast days, where nearly every Jew fasts on the Day of Atonement, and where every Friday at sunset a deep silence falls on Jerusalem, and the songs of the Psalms and Hymns coming from the innumerable synagogues reach the ears of the passer-by strolling in empty streets.

All that exists in Israel, but the hasty foreigner runs the risk of seeing *only* what, consciously or unconsciously, *he expects to see*. He will then go back home confirmed in his prejudices, but he will have failed to discover some of the deepest, truest and most attractive aspects of the Jewish soul and of the reality of Israel.

Many Christians come to live in Israel through a deep love for the Jewish people. A true relationship between Christians and Jews requires that each one accept the other *as he defines himself*. For the Jew, the Land—with Jerusalem its capitol and center—has always been essentially one with the people. After 20 centuries of dismemberment, the Jewish people is again whole and strives to be fully itself.

Today something very great is happening, which the short-sightedness of men and peoples cannot undo. After the Holocaust, the passion and horrible death of six million Jews, the ingathering of the exiles—even if relatively few—and the blossoming of the desert may be the signs of a renewal of life not only for the whole of the Jewish people, but also for the world. Many examples of that renewal could be given: the efforts towards a spiritual revival inside Jewish religious tradition and a renewed understanding of the relations between Bible and life; private and collective initiatives for establishing cultural, artistic and better human relations between Jews and Arabs, and for projecting possible political and social solutions for a future peaceful neighborhood; intensive educational, technical and medical aid to African and Asian countries; the objective teaching of Christian-

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ity, of other religions, of Eastern and especially Arab civilizations and history in the Hebrew University of Jerusalem, where nearly 300 Arab students and many Christian clergymen, priests and nuns study; the success of many groups, in Jerusalem, Tel-Aviv, Tiberias, where Jews and non-Jews meet to discuss, in a frank and friendly fashion, the human and spiritual problems they are confronted with.

The people of Israel has a message, akin to the message of the Prophet Isaiah, to give to the world today, a message that Christians today will do well to listen to, for it will attune them to the very roots of their faith, *a message of peace*.

But in order to utter that message, and to show, as Mr. Southwick expects, "the vision of Moses and the imagination of Isaiah in bringing some modern revelation to Jew and non-Jew alike," Israel needs to be at peace with her neighbors. Only then the best of her creative energies, the "combination of compassion and justice" which characterizes Judaism, will be able to express itself freely and to liberate in Judaism the immense potentialities of self-renewal and of renewal of the world which the return to the Land has made possible. If only the Western powers whose influence is so great in shaping history could understand this, and let this vision, instead of carefully balanced diplomacy, guide their policies, the discouraging Mideast deadlock where hope is decaying would be broken, and a way towards peace opened.

I was born of Jewish parents in Egypt, where I lived for 18 years. I am now an Israeli citizen. Still, some of my dearest friends are Palestinians, Egyptians, Lebanese or Iraqis. I feel very deeply their humiliation and their suffering and I feel torn: as if the drama of the terrible conflict between the justice of the Arabs and the justice of the Israeli Jews were aching within myself. I try to understand. I eliminate, mentally, all the factors of the conflict which are not essentially related to the true issue: selfish reckonings, political ambitions, nationalistic exclusiveness, considerations of prestige and emotional passions. I then reach the essential question: *What prevents the Jews in Israel and the Arab Palestinians living under a government of their choice, from sharing this land, which is large and rich enough for both?* Such a wide and wonderful field is open to their friendly cooperation, with the friendly help of their Arab neighbors, that it is difficult to understand why the peoples today at war have not already sat down together to share the bread and the salt of reconciliation and to discuss Peace. Surely, there will be no peace without sacrifice, and each party will have to pay a high price for a peace acceptable to both. But do they not understand that every day that passes widens the gap of hatred, and that hatred can solve no problem? May all those who believe in God —the one and almighty God of us all—pray to Him that He turn the heart of his foolish but beloved children to one another, that they may start building together that difficult peace.

MARC H. TANENBAUM

My comment on Mr. Southwick's article must be sketchy. Not because a great deal cannot be said; rather because he raises a cluster of complicated issues involving history, theology, sociology, political science and international law, all of which are too intricate for adequate response in this "brief" statement. I shall therefore isolate only several of the key issues, and seek to demonstrate how misinformed or uninformed I believe him to be on basic historic facts, and how fundamentally wrong and unhelpful I regard his overall attitude toward advancing any resolution of the present Middle East conflict.

In a typically perceptive essay, Reinhold Niebuhr has observed that "the ethic of the New Testament is eschatological and ultimate. . . We are dealing with the pinnacles of the moral and spiritual life in the pages of the New Testament and not with the stresses and strains of a community of self-seeking men," nor "with the substantive problems of justice by which conflicting and competing claims are adjudicated."

Dr. Niebuhr adds, "If an ethic were drawn merely from these eschatological heights without any recognition" of the depth of Christian realism, "Christianity would be no more than a system of rigorous moral idealism, prescribing responsibilities which are on the very edge of historical possibilities. It was the error of nineteenth-century liberalism to reduce Christianity to this dimension." (*Faith and Politics,* edited by Ronald Stone, pp. 166-7).

Mr. Southwick's article, I fear, is a classic example of this eschatological perfectionism. From this derives his liberal moralism which is the ground of political irresponsibility. Moralism is stern and judgmental and tends to identify the opponent as the epitome of evil. Moralism sets men apart from the opposition. Moralism makes no compromises because good cannot compromise with evil, nor virtue with vice. Moralism also tends to distort truth and deny reality.

This approach, which regrettably has been characteristic of some Christian institutions and leaders in relation to Middle East problems, almost paralyzes anyone from dealing pragmatically with the complicated and morally ambiguous problems of how to maximize justice, how to use power morally in a situation in which rights exist on both sides.

Mr Southwick creates the image of warlike "aggressive" Israelis as contrasted with righteous "victimized" Arabs wanting only justice for Palestinians.

He suggests that the refugee problem derives entirely

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from the immigration of "foreign Jews" who displaced the "native Arabs". He thereby ignores the fact that six Arab states launched a treacherous attack against Israel in 1948, defying the United Nations Partition Plan. The cause of this displacement was not Jewish aggression but Arab aggression.

He also completely ignores the role of Arab governments during the last 20 years whose politics have demanded and kept alive a Palestinian refugee problem. At the same time, he passes over in silence the initiatives taken by the Israelis to bring about a resolution of the hapless plight of Arab refugees.

His one-sidedness also leads to ignoring entirely that more than one half million Jews have been driven from Arab countries during the past 20 years. Their properties have been appropriated and no one mentions anything about compensating them. They have been absorbed and rehabilitated by Israel and have not become a charge on the conscience and charity of the world community.

His one-sidedness also leads to his ignoring the truth when he says that "Palestine was an Arab country" for a thousand years. Apart from the period of the Crusades (1099-1187), Palestine was not a state, an independent political entity, at any time during these eighteen centuries. Almost the only time Palestine has been a self-governing territory in all of its history was when it was a Jewish state. And Jews never gave up living in Palestine, as numerous objective historians document.

Perhaps at another time, when space allows in *Commonweal,* it will be possible to present another version of all the problems touched upon by Mr. Southwick, in order that the reader can judge better than is now possible what the realities and prospects are for a genuine understanding of the Middle East situation.

KENNETH REXROTH

A SONG AT THE WINEPRESSES

It is the end of the grape
Harvest. How amiable
Thy dwellings, the little huts
Of branches in the vineyards
Where the grape pickers rested.
Adieu panniers, vendanges sont faites.
Five months have passed. Here am I—
Another monastery
Garden, another waterfall,
And another religion,
Perched on the mountain's shoulder,
Looking out over fog bound
Santa Barbara. Cactus
And stone make up the garden,
At its heart a heavy cross.
Off behind the monastery,
Deep in the canyon, a cascade
Of living water, green and white
Breaks the arid cliffs, twisting
Through yellow sandstone boulders,
Sycamores, canyon oaks, laurels,
Toyonberries, maples, pines.
Buzzards dream on the wing, high
On the rising morning air.
A canyon wren sings on a dead
Yucca stem. Over a high rock
Across the stream, a bobcat
Peeks at me for a moment.
A panting doe comes down to drink.
And then the same water ousel
I just saw above Kyoto.
Passing through the dry valley
Of gum trees, they make it a place
Of springs, and the pools are filled
With water. Deep calls to deep
In the voice of the cataracts.
Loving kindness watches over
Me in the daytime and a song
Guards me all through the starlit night.
Altair and Vega are at
The zenith in the evening.
The Cowboy has gone back
Across the Cloudy River.
The Weaving Girl is pregnant
With another year. The Magpie
Wing bridge of dreams has dissolved.
The new wine dreams in the vat.
Low over the drowsy sea.
The Sea Goat moves towards the sun.
Richard of St. Victor says,
"Contemplation is a power
That coordinates the vast
Variety of perception
Into one all embracing
Insight, fixed in wonder on
Divine things—admiration,
Awe, joy, gratitude—singular,
Insuperable, inseparable,
Insatiable, but at rest."
The sparrow has found her a home,
The swallow a nest for herself,
Where she may raise her brood.
When we have tea in the loggia,
Rusty brown California towhees
Pick up crumbs around our feet.
The towhees were pets of the Indians.
They are still to be found on
The sites of old rancherias,
Waiting for the children to
Come and feed them acorn cakes.
Just so the swallows still nest
In the eaves of all the buildings
On the site of the vanished
Temple in Jerusalem.
Above us from the rafters
Of the loggia hang two wooden
Mexican angels, on their backs
Are birds' nests. The autumn sun
Is a shield of gold in heaven.
The hills wait for the early rain
To clothe them in blessings of flowers.
It is the feast of Raphael
The archangel, and Tobit.
And the faithful dog.

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Poverty and the dole in Appalachia

THE CORPORATE FIEFDOM

HARRY M. CAUDILL

Bubbling with enthusiasm and filled with grand visions of the impending Great Society, Hubert Humphrey declared during the 1964 campaign that poverty would be driven from America in ten years, and when he signed into law the Appalachian Regional Development Act of 1965, Lyndon Johnson grandiloquently told the 15,000,000 inhabitants of long stagnant Appalachia to take hope. "The dole," he effervesced, "is dead!"

In the last four years life has improved a little for most people in the poverty-plagued Appalachian highlands. Construction of a network of semi-modern highways has been commenced and a string of new vocational schools has been opened for unskilled mountain youths. In Kentucky and West Virginia, poorly supervised works programs—the "happy pappies"—brought some money to empty pockets and new color to the sallow cheeks of many children. Since the advent of medicaid and medicare health standards have improved markedly for thousands of elderly, disabled and dependent people (gains which have been accompanied by many abuses and some shocking debasements of medical ethics).

But in resource-rich Appalachia the dole is not dead and poverty still grips the isolated farms, remote hamlets and shabby towns. The flicker of hope that came in 1964 has died and the old patterns of life continue: the able and discerning flee to the cities and the rest sink into deepening apathy and resignation. And well they may, for the forces that rule their homeland are too powerful and cunning to be resisted. Amid the misery of Appalachian poverty those forces find the meat of prosperity and riches.

The opening words of the report by the President's Appalachian Regional Commission (1964) provide an insight into the territory's vast potential: "Appalachia has natural advantages which might normally have been the base for a thriving industrial and commercial complex. Below its surface lie some of the nation's richest mineral deposits, including the seams which have provided almost two-thirds of the nation's coal supply. The region receives an annual rainfall substantially above the national average. More than three-fifths of the land is heavily forested. Its mountains offer some of the most beautiful landscapes in eastern America, readily lending themselves to tourism and recreation."

Nevertheless Appalachia has enjoyed no normal development of its gargantuan stores of natural wealth. More than 90 percent of its mineral reserves are absentee-owned—held in fee by oil, gas, steel and coal corporations whose principal offices are nearly always outside the mountains. Bought for a pittance in the nineteenth century from ignorant and impoverished highlanders, Appalachian fuels and ores have provided much of America's industrial and military muscle. In the last 85 years, half a trillion dollars worth of raw wealth—coal, oil, gas, limestone, marble, cement rock, copper, iron ore, timber—has been hauled out in a process that brought enormous benefits to the rest of the nation and ever-deepening crisis to Appalachia itself. Today, the huge mineral fields remain in economic and political bondage—fiefdoms of a few score corporations in Pittsburgh, Philadelphia, Baltimore and New York. The extractive industries are practically the only private employers in dozens of counties and, by judicious use of political muscle, manage to control the public payrolls as well.

Eastern Kentucky, the sickest part of sick Appalachia, illustrates with grim clarity the horrible cancer fastened on much of the region and its people by a combination of absentee exploitation and venal government. The map of this once magnificent corner of America is sprinkled with the names of such industrial giants as Ford, International Harvester, U.S. Steel, Republic Steel, Bethlehem Steel, Occidental Petroleum and Columbia Gas. Less famous entities include American Associates, Ltd., Elkhorn Coal Corporation, The Big Sandy Corporation, Virginia Iron, Coal and Coke Company, the Penn-Virginia Company and the Kentucky River Coal Corporation. The two latter companies are almost certainly the most profitable investor-owned corporations in America, retaining as net profit *after taxes* some 61% of gross receipts and paying about 45% of gross receipts to their shareholders.

Great or small, these firms are the masters of Appalachia and their hold on Kentucky is especially tight. The state house and court houses reflect their policies. Governors appoint their officers and friends to the governing and advisory boards of state colleges and to the agencies that manage most of the state's affairs. County Judges appoint their representatives to local taxing bodies—a practice that keeps revenues so low that Perry

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County is currently paying only 5% of the cost of operating its schools. Well-heeled lobbies dominate legislative corridors so completely that Kentucky's tax structure is a medieval nightmare, totally unbelievable in its oppression of the numerous poor for the benefit of the robber barons. The state levies a 5 percent sales tax on food, clothing, medicines, fuel, building materials, coffins—on every item the ordinary citizen uses between the cradle and the grave. But it exempts diesel oil for locomotives, concrete blocks for oil and gas, and all coal burned in the colossal steam plants operated by T.V.A. and electric power corporations and co-ops! Thus it shamelessly taxes bread for little children and exempts coal for big power plants. It applies to family automobiles and farm trucks but exempts bull-dozers, power-shovels, augers and "continuous miners" used by the coal industry, some of which sell for hundreds of thousands of dollars. The Kentucky tax-collector's net was woven with immense ingenuity to catch the little fish and let the big ones swim safely through its meshes.

Senator Lee Metcalf of Montana has introduced a bill that would correct many of the grotesque tax inequities that have plagued Appalachia for so long. The measure would levy a federal severance tax on all minerals mined in America with full credit allowed the taxpayer for severance taxes paid to the states. Since each state would surely impose severance taxes under these circumstances, the legislation offers a huge windfall to Appalachia. Under it, for example, West Virginia would collect about $45,000,000 annually and Kentucky would receive about $25,000,000. But the governors and U.S. Senators of these states have said no word in support of the proposal.

Eastern Kentucky is still the domain of laissez faire where nineteenth century indifference to human welfare reigns unchecked and, apparently, uncheckable. Profits are habitually placed above lives—a concept that has strewn the land with widows and orphans and made the funeral business a lucrative one indeed.

Practically everyone connected with coal—the president of the United Mine Workers, spokesmen for industry, the Interior Department—pointed out that mining is always perilous and that tragedies such as the Mannington, West Virginia explosion must be expected from time to time. Notwithstanding, mine safety became an issue which required some display of interest, so much so that Kentucky's Governor Louie Nunn (who has shown somewhat more interest in mine safety than either of his last two predecessors) invited Ralph Nader, a serious critic of hazardous underground working conditions, to meet with him for a discussion of the situation. But all alike disclaimed any direct responsibility for lax safety laws and the sustained failure to close dangerous pits.

Explosions are dramatic and deadly but the great enemy of miners is silent and hidden. It is dust from coal, sandstone and shale—dust that can coat a man's lungs with mortar-hard deposits, etch them with scars, pit them with sores and turn them a ghastly black. Mining dust produces silicosis and pneumoconiosis (black lung) and turns men into choking, wheezing, agony-wracked relics. There are between 80,000 and 100,000 of such disabled men in Appalachia and twelve thousand or more of them live in Kentucky. This scandal of American industry is all the worse because so little has been done to prevent it.

Insofar as the dust content of the air is concerned, U.S. safety laws do not apply to the "working face," leaving this critical area to the mercies of state-appointed, company-approved inspectors. Consider what happens here when a giant, $100,000 continuous-miner rams its rotating teeth into a five-foot seam of coal and the bands of sandstone and slate that striate it.

Amid an unearthly screech and din the mineral is clawed from the seam, sending it on a conveyor belt to "shuttle cars" lined up behind the miner. The operators of the machine wear electric lamps on their helmets and the machine sprays a screen of water before it, but in moments clouds of boiling dust turn the room as dark as a cave. The brilliant lamps glow a dull yellow, then fade to dim spots of lesser darkness. The sweating men turn black as the coal they mine and the respirators they wear over nose and mouth quickly choke with dust. As the workmen grope for the controls they shove the

respirators aside and gulp in air and death. Nostrils and mouths fill with the fine grit as foremen push them to meet production schedules. The toll is terrible. Dr. I. E. Buff, a cardiologist of Charleston, West Virginia, believes that at least 50 percent of the nation's miners suffer disability from this industrial scourge. Dr. Jan Lieben, formerly Director of the Pennsylvania Division of Occupational Health, has expressed the opinion that a thousand miners are dying of black lung each year in Pennsylvania alone.

Dr. Lorin E. Kerr of the United Mine Worker's Health and Welfare Fund concurs with these breath-taking estimates!

Once contracted, these dust diseases have no cure and virtually any degree can be totally incapacitating. Only prevention offers any hope at present. Yet neither the rich mining industry, the miners Union (with more than $83,000,000 in its treasury and another $185,000,000

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in its Health and Welfare Fund) nor any agency of State or Federal Government has made any serious, sustained investment in research in this vital field. Little Belgium is currently spending much more money than the U.S. investigating prevention and treatment of miners' lung diseases, Great Britain and the Common Market countries combined are devoting fifteen times as much capital to the problem.

It is certain that miners close to the dusty coal face ought to wear air-tight helmets similar to those used by divers, with air pumped to them from safe areas. But as the coal fields fill with dying men and the welfare rolls balloon to support them and their families, H. N. Kirkpatrick, a mine operator who is also Commissioner of Kentucky's Department of Mines and Minerals, spoke for the industry when he told a mine safety conference in Washington on December 12: "Present laws are basically sound." He heaped fulsome praise on mining companies and urged that no hasty steps be taken for fear of their "economically destructive" impact on the industry. Apparently dying miners are quite acceptable, but lessened profit sheets are altogether unbearable.

In eight years as head of the Department of the Interior, whose Bureau of Mines enforces federal safety laws, Stewart Udall witnessed the ruin of thousands of soft-coal-miners. As uncertain a lance as ever entered the lists, he finally, in the last months of his administration, recommended some tightening of the 1952 U.S. Coal Mine Safety Act.

Decent Wage, At Least

But if Kentucky's large, mechanized mines are dusty and deadly, they at least pay a decent wage under terms of a union contract. Many small "truck mines" hold their poor, unorganized and helpless employees in peonage. The state has a "compulsory" workmen's compensation law which is blandly ignored by scores of operators. When one of their employees is crushed by a slate fall there is nothing for him or his dependents except the humiliation and near-starvation of public assistance. A good many clever operators, however, have managed to carry a sort of grotesque "compensation in reverse." The policies insure the lives of their miners with the company named as beneficiary! Then a slate fall can be both a blessing and a curse. When Clabe Stacy was killed in Perry County, his widow and 16 children were paid $4,000 by the operator—out of the proceeds of a $10,000 policy. And when Pete Enfuss was killed in Letcher County his employer collected $13,500 but paid the widow a mere $4,400. (See Civil Action No. 2847, Letcher Circuit Court, Whitesburg, Kentucky).

Historically, the state's Commissioner of Labor has taken no action to close mines operating without compensation insurance policies. The lame excuse offered for such inaction is the claim that the agency does not know which mines are failing to maintain the insurances. I once pointed out to a Commissioner that existing law requires each operator to file with the Department of Labor notice of his insurance coverage and to obtain from the Department of Mines and Minerals a permit to operate. The two lists, I suggested, could be occasionally compared. However, such comparisons have not been made.

The United States now claims an ever-growing share of the world's coal market while other countries close mines in order to divert their workmen to more desirable tasks. Much of this cheap coal comes from the Appalachian hills in a half dozen states. There the ghastly bill for this industrial and commercial "success story" mounts inexorably. It is manifest in worn, crippled men on canes and crutches, their pale pinched faces peering from the windows of sagging shacks. It stares out of the vacant eyes of hundreds of people lined up at the first of each month to cash welfare checks and receive "food stamps." It springs from regional statistics that chart declining school enrollments, dwindling birth rates and sustained out-migration. It wells up in the dark eyes of Mrs. Clabe Stacy and it rattles in the convulsed coughing of derelicts who only yesterday were diggers of America's coal.

In America, governments have become big business indeed, but not nearly big enough to divorce themselves from an unholy alliance with the mining industries they are sworn to regulate and police. And until they are big enough and determined enough to assure justice and safety to miners and their communities both, poverty and the dole will remain integral parts of Appalachian life while many administrations come and go.

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WINTHROP PALMER

MID-WINTER

Mid-winter comes in with an armful of
clean white sheets.
The suburbs shiver;
Mid-winter throws a clean, white sheet
over centuries.
What are these clean, white sheets doing
in the suburbs
Between the Expressway and the stiff,
glass school?
Behind the supermarket and the filling
station?
Has there been a death?
Naked roads,
Cheek to cheek shopping centers,
Salomes of the swimming pool,
Smoking altars of your barbeque,
Suburb, will these keep?

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Karl Barth Memorial

FAREWELL IN BASEL

J. ROBERT NELSON

He had said that he wanted no public funeral, so the burial of Karl Barth was an exclusively family affair. But his numerous colleagues and friends could not abide by this modest request of the theologian who had no cause for such modesty. It simply would not be conceivable that they be denied the chance to express their esteem for the Swiss Protestant theologian, who was probably the greatest, and certainly the most prolific, interpreter of the faith since John Calvin. An irresistible compulsion brought them to the ancient cathedral church in Basel on December the fourteenth. It was a cold morning, the air having been cleared by the Alpine wind called the *bise*. By ten o'clock the *Münster* was almost filled with dignitaries and representatives of Barth's four worlds: church, university, civic and cultural affairs, and local humanity.

The bells began their somber message, bringing to mind the well-known parable of the belfry of the little church at Safenwil. As a young pastor there, Barth likened himself to a man climbing the rickety ladder of faith inside the dark steeple. Groping for theological support (as many Protestants were doing fifty years ago), he grasped the rope and rang the bell which awakened Protestantism—and eventually many Catholics—to the biblical message.

Great men had been honored in this twelfth-century church before. A stone on one pillar bore witness to Desiderius Erasmus, who died in 1536, a man of "incomparable erudition in all disciplines." None of greater intellectual stature than Barth, though, had been in Basel as resident since that genius of Rotterdam.

The great new organ began playing as the last tones of the bells resounded. The old friends of Barth were gathered in one section, men who were with him in Bonn and Barmen in 1934, when Barth spearheaded the Christian revolt against rising Nazism. Theologians Edmund Schlink, Hermann Diem and Walter Kreck sat together. Across the aisle was Roger Mehl of Strasbourg, whose eulogy in the Paris paper, *Le Monde,* had deplored the fact that no French faculty had invited Barth after Hitler's government expelled him.

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Because this was a university event rather than a church funeral, the speakers simply took their places at a rostrum, rising to speak without introductions. Dean Max Geiger of the theological faculty recounted the coming of Barth from Germany to his native land and assuming professorship in 1935. Throughout the years, as thousands of students heard his lectures or attended his seminars, Barth's preoccupation was *Theo-logia,* the serious discourse about the Creator and Redeemer of man. He was truly an academic teacher; despite the magnitude of his reputation and the dimensions of his daily work, he kept a remarkably close relation to many students.

The young president of the canton of Basel, bearing the honored name of the Burckhardt family, spoke of Barth's humor and modesty, virtues which seemed to clash with the uncompromising rigors of his theological system. Even in the pages of his awesome *Kirchliche Dogmatik* were found many humorous, even playful, allusions. And when he was away from his lecture hall and in the pulpit, Barth the preacher could communicate with ordinary people in their common language.

The third speaker was the noted theologian of Berlin, Helmut Gollwitzer. First known widely for his superb book, *Unwilling Journey,* concerning his experiences in a war prisoners' camp in Siberia, Gollwitzer had been designated a few years ago as Barth's successor in Basel. Conservative leaders of the city, however, could not agree with Gollwitzer's political views any more than they could with Barth's, and the appointment was never ratified. "I am for you; I am your friend," words fitting the relation of Christ to his disciples, constituted his theme. As there can be no Auschwitz, no Vietnam, no Biafra without their prototype of Golgotha, so many German Protestants of the Confessing Church knew the basis of their protest and the strength for their witness. Barth was for them not merely the theologian; he was the messenger of Jesus Christ, who brought assurance of the tenacity of that friendship without which they could not patiently endure.

Concluding his moving statement, Gollwitzer announced the next speaker, whose name did not appear on the program. It was Barth's old ally, Joseph Hromadka, who had unexpectedly been able to come from Prague. Often criticized for his sympathetic attitude towards the socialist revolutions in Eastern Europe, though maintain-

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ing Christian theology in opposition to Marxism, Hromadka, in his old age, has found it necessary, as a matter of conscience, to condemn the Russians for their recent invasion of his city. He described the experiences of the years after the great and terrible war as an East European *Guernica*. And in all the years when Christians were trying to find the way to live faithfully in this turmoil and under forms of suppression, it was Barth more than others who "put ground under their feet."

These passionate evocations of Barth's influence upon Christians living under both Fascist and Communist totalitarianism were interrupted by the most appropriate testimony of all to the spirit of the theologian. Not in words, but in music. Not Bach, of course, but Mozart. Anyone who had any acquaintance with him knew of his profound and consistent love for the musician of Salzburg. In 1964 he wrote to Rudolf Bultmann on the latter's eightieth birthday the half-serious, half-jesting idea he had often expressed to friends. We must both die soon, Rudolf; and when we get to heaven we must have a long, long talk with St. Paul about his theology: but first—to meet Mozart! Now, without being inexcusably sentimental, as a small orchestra began playing the marvelous G-major Flute Concerto, it seemed to many that Barth's wish was being fulfilled.

To study Barth's ponderous books, to master his impressive system of thought, but not to share his delight and exhilaration over Mozart's music would add up to a failure to know the man. There came to mind, by contrast, a similar memorial service for the late Paul Tillich at the church of Harvard University. The choir sang the elegiac motet of Heinrich Schütz, *"Selig sind die Toten."* So beautiful in its pure morbidity, one could almost wish to die if he knew that the motet would be sung at his funeral. And yet, what a contrast to the pure elegance and virtuosity and joy of the one named at baptism "lover of God!"

Die himmlische Musik died out among the medieval arches and vaultings, and again the spoken words were heard. With personable presence and strong voice, Hans Küng expressed his gratitude that a Roman Catholic could speak on this occasion about his older colleague and friend. He admitted that Catholicism had no theologian of this century who could quite compare with Barth, but added that the man exerting the strongest influence on Barth was a Catholic, namely, Mozart. The Tübingen theologian noted that Barth was from first to last a strongly persuaded Protestant, but was never sectarian, narrow or nationalistic. He forced Catholics to enter into discussion with him on the perennial and present meaning of the Gospel, as Küng's own book, *Justification*, most formidably demonstrated. As one who in nearly his last year went to "the threshold of the apostles" in Rome in order to keep the ecumenical conversation going, Barth remained "the witness of our common faith," said Küng. He told of a conversation in typically light-serious vein when Barth rejected the idea that he was a man of good faith. It is not one's good faith and right doctrine which commend him to heaven. If I came into heaven carrying all my books of dogmatics on my back, said Barth, the angels would laugh at me. Not my good faith, but my admission that I come only as a poor, miserable sinner may be of some avail. Thus the remarks of the famous fellow-Swiss theologian, whose affinity to Barth and Basel is underscored by the as yet undenied report that he will be a visiting professor at the university.

The plain mimeographed program identified Eberhard Jüngel as a spokesman for the young generation of theologians. This man, who came from East Germany to Zürich, was earnest and articulate in his praise of Barth. In this sense he did not represent all the young theologians by any means, since many have chosen to

consider Barth's theology as obsolete and his language lacking cash value in the theological marketplace. But their mistake lies in not seeing that Barth was never really finished, even at the end of his life. He was always beginning. His faith was always seeking knowledge, as St. Anselm had taught him. When he took an uncompromising stand and engaged in a polemical debate on some issue, it was not because he refused to listen to others, but because he had to contend for the truth of the Gospel as he understood it and to test his position in the fire of controversy. So there was actually an immense element of freedom in his theology. That is his legacy to younger theologians. It is said that on the day of Schleiermacher's death more than a century ago, a new theological era began. But on the day of Barth's death, an era ended. So we must go forward from here.

It is often said today that the era of great Protestant theologians is over. Emil Brunner is gone; Tillich is gone; now Barth is gone. In the Catholic Church Karl Rahner is pre-eminent. But there seem to be few theologians of younger years who can be expected to fill their places; and probably in these days there is no need for such. The character of theological inquiry has changed rapidly. But to remark, as some have, that Karl Barth simply belongs to history now is quite wrong. The power of his ideas and the influence of his person will be long sustained.

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ARGOS HURRAH!

THE STAGE

A 15-year-old friend of mine from Minneapolis, a seasoned actor and theater-goer, warned me not to miss the Minnesota Theatre Company productions of *The House of Atreus* and *The Resistible Rise of Arturo Ui* when they got to New York, insisting that they are "worth hocking all of your belongings to see." If my enthusiasm is less than his, that may be because I own more hockable goods, but his instincts are right. I can—and will as this review goes on—find things to fault in both productions, but the important point about *Atreus* and *Arturo Ui* is that, even when they go wrong, they remain interesting. They are inventive in the traditional Tyrone Guthrie manner (that is, they are willing to risk being ludicrous) which insists, first of all, that a stage is a stage and that the audience is in a theater—and happily so.

The House of Atreus is an adaptation of the *Oresteia* by John Lewin, who was an actor and resident playwright with the MTC when his version was first performed in 1967. Anyone familiar with Lewin's script (in workable but undistinguished verse, given too easily to commonplace: "I planned this deed, and if I die, I die. The slate is clean") can hear his words spoken in the theater, but the text is simply the skeleton for *The House of Atreus.* Tyrone Guthrie, as director, and Tanya Moiseiwitsch, who designed the magnificently witty costumes, are finally co-authors with Lewin of a bizarrely comic play in which the Aeschylean theme, the central ideational thrust of the trilogy, is sacrificed to an almost camp (in both senses) theatrical splendor.

In his introduction to the published play, Lewin (a true son of Guthrie, having inherited his distrust of people who can read) tries to make an elaborate point about how theater people must break down words so that a play can be seen in terms of nonverbal situations, presumably before it is reconstructed as a visual-auditory whole. His aesthetics (or tactics), which may be relevant to the putting on of any play, contains a special truth, which he never quite recognizes, about our relation to the Greek plays. Our continual fascination with a work like the *Oresteia* is that we retain scenes, situations, confrontations that grow out of the original dramatic context, but our attachment to the heroic figures has less to do with the original force of the play in the theater (still a mystery to us) than it does with stereotypical scenes, built on the borrowed myths. We put up with the choral maunderings (*pace* my Greek professor friends who celebrate the poetry) because we want to be there when the disguise is removed and the sword thrust home. Guthrie recognizes this. He tries to save the Chorus, as he did in his Stratford *Oedipus,* but, for all their busyness, they are stumbling interruptions between the scenes that count. He knows that it is Clytemnestra or Electra about whom we care. He conceives the characters according to type, has Moiseiwitsch turn them into giant puppets and stuffs the costumes with male actors who can play the caricatures boldly. Sometimes the results are insanely inappropriate (Cassandra with a Topsy hair-do and the mannerisms of a Tennessee Williams heroine); sometimes they are right but almost unwatchable (Electra as an athletic hysteric). At best, however, the conception is at once funny and perceptive. Douglas Campbell's superb Clytemnestra, red-wigged and overpainted, modulating between grandeur and bitchy petulance (his delivery of "And what is done, is done" after the murder of Agamemnon is a pure delight), comes across as a giant parody of Bette Davis (in *The Letter,* perhaps, or *The Little Foxes*), at once a joke about and insight into our received version of the Aeschylean character.

The difficulty with the play as a whole is that while many of the big dolls are fun (Athena, a slightly animated statue, as an English colonel), not enough have the double quality of Campbell's Clytemnestra. The play is finally more funny than significant. Whatever the serious intention of *The House of Atreus* (to make Aeschylus' historical point about changing concepts of justice? to give a parable of the rational absorbing the irrational? to make the Jungian point Lewin posits in his introduction?), it is dissipated in the theatricality. Since I was complaining in this column a few weeks ago about attempts to make the classics contemporary, I should take a high moral tone about *Atreus,* but I plead critical paradox. Even if *Atreus* is not much more than the most splendid drag show in town, there is a kind of admirable theatrical truth in it.

I have left no room for *Arturo Ui.* If Brecht's Chicago-gangster account of the rise of Hitler seems now a little strained in its one-to-one equation, it, too, is a play of workable scenes which give director Edward Payson Call ample opportunity to decorate the action with touches out of thirties films—program not documentary. *(Closed at the Billy Rose)*

GERALD WEALES

A TWIST OF DICKENS

THE SCREEN

If you're among those who thought Charles Dickens' *Oliver Twist* unlikely as the basis for a musical movie, you're going to be pleasantly surprised when you see "Oliver!" In the first place, it stems from the stage play, for which Lionel Bart wrote the book, music and lyrics and deleted some of the Dickens' characters as well as a lot of Dickens' overwrought melodramatics. In the

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second place, producer John Woolf and director Carol Reed have made the whole thing into a big, lavish, old-fashioned musical picture that fits the spirit of the Dickens opus perfectly—from the opening scene in the workhouse orphanage where the kids sing and dream of "Food, glorious food!" but get only a small blob of porridge and Oliver makes his famous request, "Please, sir—I want some more," right to the finale in Bloomsbury, where our stalwart young hero is ensconced in a happy home.

The only real villain in this screenplay, written by Vernon Harris, is Bill Sikes—which is quite a departure from Dickens, who had in his novel a roster of meanies who carried on vehemently in between the author's diatribes against poverty, man's cruelty and selfishness. The Sikes role is played somewhat woodenly by Oliver Reed (Sir Carol's nephew), but perhaps this is the film's way of toning down this demon. After all, this is a musical, and sometimes, comedy. The biggest surprise (for those who didn't see the stage play) is the character of Fagin. He still runs the school for young thieves and pickpockets, and, in so doing is a corrupter of youth; but the role, as written by Harris and performed to perfection by Ron Moody, has a sly wit and near-charm, in spite of his mean qualities, that give this Fagin considerable appeal. Because Moody sings the good songs, which Bart wrote for the role, with a slight Yiddish accent and style, some of my Jewish friends find this Fagin anti-Semitic. But the part, as originally written by Dickens, *is* Jewish; and I doubt that there will be the fuss raised now as was brewed when Alec Guinness almost caricatured the role in the 1951 "Oliver Twist." Furthermore Moody's Fagin, besides practically stealing the show, makes a very interesting point: although *using* the kids in his pickpocket school, Fagin gives them some affection and better treatment than does Mr. Bumble (well played by Harry Secombe), the hypocritical beadle who has no love for his boys at the workhouse.

No doubt director Reed, who has shown his superior style and attention to detail in many a movie through the years ("Night Train," "Odd Man Out," "The Third Man"), deserves major credit for the lively touches and good performances in "Oliver!" But it comes as no surprise to find him directing the youngsters so well. He proved his skill with children in "A Kid for Two Farthings" and "The Fallen Idol." And he displays this same skill in "Oliver!" not only with the two lead boys (Mark Lester as the angelic but boyish, harassed Oliver; and Jack Wild as the bright and cleverly wicked pickpocket, the Artful Dodger), but also with the group of lads in the workhouse and the gang who hang out in Fagin's hovel. Mark Lester and Jack Wild are fine in the picture's production numbers as they sing Bart's songs and step lively in Oona White's staging of her own choreography in the musical sequences. And some of their elders are good too, especially Ron Moody in everything he sings or says, Shani Wallis as Nancy in her torch song, "As Long as He Needs Me," and all those unnamed singers and dancers in the beautiful production numbers which effectively contrast nineteenth-century London's lower classes in "Consider Yourself" with the upper classes in the lovely Bloomsbury setting in "Who Will Buy?" Although Lionel Bart's score is not exactly brilliant, it does seem better in this movie version than it did on the live stage. Perhaps it has been helped by the film's good cast, the stunning sets designed by John Box, Oswald Morris' first-rate color photography, and, of course, Carol Reed's direction throughout. So now that "Oliver!" has been turned into such a successful, albeit old-fashioned movie, "please, sir" how about "some more"? Dickens-into-musicals could go on forever: *Copperfield, Pickwick, Drood,* et al. But they had better not monkey with *Great Expectations.* The story would work, but that 1947 version could not be improved upon.

One of the many assets of "Oliver!" is its appeal for both youngsters and oldsters. This is rather rare in movies these days, and I wish I could say the same for "Chitty Chitty Bang Bang," which, as far as I can make out, seems to be designed for backward pre-teenagers. But with its 156-minute running time, it will probably wear the kiddies out before it exhausts the patience of the adults who take them. Needless to say, a $10 million picture of that length does have a few amusing moments and some entertaining tricks in its fantasy sequences. Its story, which stems from a charming book for children by Ian Fleming, is set mainly in England, where an eccentric inventor (Dick Van Dyke) invents a lot of silly and useless things until, persuaded by his little boy and girl, he makes over an Edwardian racing car so that it not only swims but also flies. This proves quite useful when Grandpa (Lionel Jeffries) is kidnapped by a crazy Bavarian baron (Gert Frobe), and the inventor, his two kids, and a very attractive neighbor (Sally Ann Howes) fly off to Vulgaria to rescue him. Anna Quayle, as the baron's wife, is wonderful. And so are the shots of Bavaria and the English countryside. But 156 minutes!

PHILIP T. HARTUNG

NEUTRAL DMZ

MEDIA

Connecting up with reality seems to be what everybody is doing right now, or wants to be doing, in some fashion or other. We either read the newspapers everyday, because that's where it's at, or we don't read the papers at all, because that is definitely not where it's at. We move to the country or we don't, for pretty much the same reason, live in the city or don't, make money

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or don't, take drugs or don't, watch television or don't, go to the theater or don't, think politically or don't, burn our draft cards or don't, swap wives or don't, go to college or don't. The naked man on the stage gets up and tears at his hairy scalp as he screams REALITY! and we know just how he feels, but that's not where it's at either. And now Mr. Unreal himself has been elected President, maybe because he got all the "don't" votes.

Anyway, the the thing is done, and the DMZ, which is co-produced by Isaiah Sheffer, who also directs, and Eric Bentley, and billed as a political cabaret, can't be said to have lacked material for its satire in the eight months or so of its existence, beginning during the heady spring days of the Columbia student strike. Indeed, the DMZ seems as fresh as a daisy, the Thermidors of the summer past now ensconced in a bevy of songs and skits. The current show opens with a Nixon version of the Presidential oath, complete with lumpish evasions, the sargasso syntax, and a clever concluding "So help me God" that comes out "As I said to Ike." It is funny enough, but what could be funnier than hearing "The One" (a subliminal Irish "Himself"?) say the actual words of the oath? "So help me God" in the mouth of Nixon is, by comparison, a sort of lunar probe into irony, a splash down into absurdity worthy of his predecessor's wanderings in the Elephant Grass of the credibility gap. The question is more one of whether there will be anything to quite equal, for sheer vegetable humor, the stitched and sewn Presidential abdomen, that vestige of the Commander-in-Chief's own midnight forays into the Mekong Delta.

Such is the self-pity public office induces today that it, almost alone, has come to be identified with the human factor in politics. Mr. Nixon himself is hardly unsusceptible, as he proved in his 1962 press conference, itself a rather striking case of the human factor being totally unrelated to the actual situation. Possibly the *Times* had something like this in mind when it recently published a letter from a reputable psychiatrist urging that future presidents not be embarrassed to seek professional help when the emotional burdens of office become so great as to threaten the national interest. Presumably the public will be educated to take this, too, in stride. Parody under such conditions, with such expectations, can only be limiting, doomed to pinpointing the comic stretches of what has become a laugh-a-minute death rattle.

What is left then comes down to pretty much a matter of taste, a sort of picking and choosing among the debris, in the case of the DMZ based largely, one imagines, on what can be easily fitted into fairly routine forms. Perhaps this is one way the DMZ has of maintaining its grip on what is happening, or at least so it seems. For the cabaret song, with its premiums on wit and irony, tends to defuse rather than explode, and this is also true of the highly verbal Feiffer skits, which always seem to reach the same impasse in the last panel. The result is pretty tame, politically and as satire, and on occasion embarrassing as well. Two cases in point are Eric Bentley's "Song of the Lost," a romantic celebration of youthful angst and rebellion, "We are the alienated . . ." and so forth; and Jean Claude van Itallie's "I Was in Chicago," sung with the cast arranged in *Time* cover style heroic tableau, or is it Soviet poster style circa 1920s. The moral clincher at the end, aimed a polite hair or two over the audience's head, was to ask, "Were you there too?" Albert Shanker was in Selma, if that means anything.

Bentley is much better when he is writing about something he has experienced at first hand, which is New York in "The Richest City in the World" and "Forty-Second Street," both done in collaboration with Jacques Prevert. His Pirate Jenny in the guise of the colored maid of a beautiful actress doesn't succeed as well, possibly because the song is really about the beautiful actress. One could go on, but these were the best, along with the bitter-sweet irony of "Legend of the Dead Soldier of World War III," a song by the German balladeer Wolf Biermann, translated by Bentley, a moving and quite beautiful poem by Denise Levertov about a new horror in the headlines called Biafra, and a witty piece on New York's elite Tactical Police Force which manages to catch the juvenilia of that particular skull-cracking arm of the law.

As for the skits and one-liners, there isn't much to say except that they were on the level of a good college production, delivered with perhaps a bit more polish by a cast that seemed mainly concerned with just doing its job well. Like the songs, nothing ever quite breaks loose. Literate excursions into wit and irony, particularly with a political slant, are scarce enough, and one wants the DMZ to succeed. It's only too bad one can't say that it should.

PAUL VELDE

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BOOKS

On the myths of liberalism and frustrations with change

Violence: America in the Sixties

ARTHUR SCHLESINGER, JR.

Signet, 50¢

THOMAS M. CONRAD

This book is one of that unfortunate kind which must be read as a symptom as well as an analysis of social upheaval. The tardiness and imprecision of the discussion seem almost obscene, when one notes that the general pattern of social violence which Schlesinger discusses has been quite clear for many years. This is a "fashionable" book, based upon the interest in social pathology which has arisen in the past year due to the murders of Martin Luther King and Robert Kennedy. It is impossible to shake the impression that it is only when people of national stature and impeccable liberal-establishment credentials are murdered that liberals like Mr. Schlesinger start to see a pervasive problem. Why was there no such outcry when someone of such stature among black Americans as Malcolm X was murdered? For that matter, why was there no similar discussion of a pathologically violent society among establishment liberals when it was only anonymous local boys who were dying in great numbers in the mud of Vietnam? Probably this misdirection of attention has common roots with the "sudden" discovery during the Democratic Convention that police were on the rampage against the children of the middle class. Since the Chicago police outdid themselves in assaulting newsmen, millions of fascinated but unwilling spectators were given an opportunity to observe a kind of police behavior which was otherwise in no way unusual in the recent experience of the New Left.

Schlesinger explicitly rejects the theory of collective guilt for the murders of the Kennedys and Dr. King, and rightly presses for a more functional examination of the question, rather than ritual grief followed by business as usual. Having said this, however, he does not offer a clear alternative theory of responsibility. This drawing-back from a precise alternative leaves, by exclusion, only a more nebulous unstated sense of universal guilt. This failure of analysis, or perhaps of nerve, might have been avoided if the evident provocation to discuss social violence had not been the murder of three national leaders. None of these cases, taken carefully by a student of social violence, provides any convincing evidence of *general* social pathology. It seems, if nothing more, a little wrong-headed to dwell on these cases when a large body of more direct evidence is available to show causes and effects of present social disintegration.

The author properly attacks the myth that the United States has been a tranquil polity by raising historical evidence to the contrary. It would have been interesting, however, to ask why this myth developed, and to suggest as part of the answer that the myth of civility has been propagated in the past four decades by American liberals as a defense against their anxieties over the history of social irrationality. Schlesinger, as an historian, is "obliged to concede that collective violence . . . has often forced those in power to redress just grievances." The fact that violent coercion has been found necessary to redress grievances is obviously a "concession" for a liberal theorist, because it points to an embarrassing malfunction in what is supposedly an automatically adaptive, non-violent system of conflict resolution.

The author discusses two policy questions related to the current "fashionable" debate on social violence: gun control and the portrayal of violence in the mass media. As usual, some irrelevant statistics on crimes of individual violence are cited. But the real basis of the recent pressure for gun control is the increasing fear, not of individual assault with weapons, but of mass violence—urban rioting, perhaps even a race war. The question, "can the State guarantee my safety," is now seen as problematic by millions of black and white citizens, partly because urban police forces, in the past few years, have displayed an increasingly naked tendency to behave like an armed partisan force. Gun control is now a domestic analogue of the disarmament problem which has faced the international community for the past two decades, with similar problems of inspection, cheating, and mutual insecurity which cannot be solved by nominal legal means ("treaties") or exhortations to display mutual trust.

As for violence on television, is fictional violence more impressive than the nightly parade of violence-pornography which we have been seeing in TV news coverage of the Vietnam war? News coverage of foreign and domestic violence, which should not and cannot be censored, would seem to convey an impression to which fictional violence adds very little: the impression that violence has become an American obsession only because there is really so much of it at present. What might be useful would be to encourage the networks to show some realistic and thoughtful scenarios rather than the tedious and contrived efforts of Western sheriffs, spies, and police and FBI men. Why not, for example, have a fictional series about ghetto life in which the cuttings and shootings and riots are traced back to racial victimization? Why not, indeed: because that would be inflammatory, since violence would be seen to have societal causes, and the participants in violence might even be seen to have occasional pressing reasons for their behavior.

Schlesinger displays a considerable misunderstanding of the sources of the

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New Left's behavior. Apparently on the theory that Herbert Marcuse is the intellectual guru of the New Left, Schlesinger attacks Marcuse's "critique of pure tolerance" as totalitarian. But this sally is misplaced. The New Left, which displays perhaps more tolerance for heterodoxy than any other un-established, oppositionist political movement in our history, does not propose a "theory" of intolerance. The New Left merely acts, toward the propagation of thoroughly repugnant views, in the same way as does the American liberal establishment: no *right* to suppress dissenting views is claimed; it is *just done* when the provocation is extreme enough.

The author sees in the behavior of the New Left a tendency toward Sorelian cleansing by spasmodic violence, an anti-rational politics of action. What is really involved, as should have been evident to an historian, is a competition between two philosophies of history. The one favored by modern liberals considers it possible, no matter how hedged and qualified the claim may be, to define an ultimate utopia well in advance of its realization, the seeking of which is only a transient state before final satisfaction. With variations in the details of the utopia, this general philosophy of history serves both modern liberals and totalitarian Marxists. Competing with this is the theory favored by a majority of the New Left, which denies the possibility of an ultimate, definitive utopia, and stresses instead the continual change of both methods and goals. It is clear that the New Left philosophy of history is less reassuring: but it is also clear that the liberal alternative, which stresses a definitive final conclusion to the *process* of change, is doomed to disappointment on the very simple historically-observed grounds of changes in human values.

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REVIEWERS

THOMAS M. CONRAD, a New York writer, is completing a book on strategic aspects of central war.

DANIEL M. MURTAUGH is a teacher in the English Department at Boston University.

WILLIAM RYAN is with the Connecticut State Mental Health Center.

DANIEL O. DUGAN is a member of the Theology Department at the University of Santa Clara.

SERGE HUGHES is author of *The Fall and Rise of Modern Italy* (Macmillan).

MAISIE WARD'S latest book is *Robert Browning and His World* (Holt, Rinehart).

JOHN LEO, late of *Commonweal*, is on the staff of the *New York Times*.

The Blacking Factory & *Pennsylvania Gothic*

WILFRID SHEED

Farrar, Straus and Giroux, $5.50

DANIEL M. MURTAUGH

The long story and short novel that comprise Wilfrid Sheed's fifth book deal in different ways with the theme of nostalgia. The nostalgia is of a special kind, and perhaps it is characteristically American. It is provoked not by the memory of any real order which has passed away, but by a sense of blankness in the present, a rootlessness which threatens our survival and which compels us to invent a past, a lost Eden scraped together from whatever Technicolored ephemera our popular culture provides us with. The consequences are a rudimentary form of fascism as long as the lie is not confronted, and the threat of madness when it is. The hero of *The Blacking Factory* staves off madness by extolling to his right-wing radio audience a time when "there was a sweetness in this country . . . There was joy in being a boy or girl in America at one time. You say to me, that's old-fashioned, and I can only say to you, is that bad? Is that really so terrible? It worked once. We liked it. Why this itch to change?" *Pennsylvania Gothic* carries this forward one generation. Here the nostalgic lie of the father is visited upon the son, and he is left precariously toeing the brink which his father passed over. He sustains himself finally as a history instructor, savoring the dry exhilaration of ascertainable fact.

Both stories also share the theme of adolescence and the disruption of the ties between father and son. *The Blacking Factory* first introduces us to the present-day enigma of Roger Bannister III. His right-wing broadcasts captivate an elderly Southern California audience and yet alienate and mystify them with an obsessive anglophobia and a touch of something foreign in his voice. With this problem before us, we go back to his postwar youth, beginning with his enrollment in an archaic English public school by a father who has no time for him. He survives there on gradually idealized and distorted memories of America, whose falsity he begins to suspect. At the same time he makes the reluctant beginnings of a connection with England, forms friendships with the oddly immature English boys though he must agree with another American student that they are "little twits . . . by any normal standards," and finally, during a dreaded two-week delay in his return home for summer vacation, achieves an almost idyllic communion with English countryside, learning, tea, and marmalade.

His return to America gives the lie to his cherished fantasies. He is sickened by his father's stale talk and stale friends by day and his eruption from a gentleman's corset by night; he is disheartened by his inability to renew contact with his own friends.

Once more a foreigner, he retreats into a new fantasy world called England. Naturally, the process repeats itself. England and the inhuman Sopworth College give the lie to his new fantasy upon his return, and once again he is denied a home and a past. Feeling himself close to madness, he must reopen "slyly, lasciviously, his treasure chest of lies" about a bucolic America that never was, "a stiff, ruinous price to pay for sleep, and for avoiding nameless, faceless dreams. But a price that simply had to be paid."

Pennsylvania Gothic treats more explicitly the horror implicit in the stories' common theme. It is less successful, but interesting in the greater scope of its ambition. The young hero, Charles Trimble, inherits the death wish to which his father succumbs, but his somewhat equivocal salvation lies in his

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inability to reconstruct the idyllic, false past which was his father's "stiff ruinous price to pay for sleep."

The price of sleep is embodied for both in Miss Skinner, who lives next door to them amid a clutter of memorabilia. She is a relic of the past in the small, dying town of Tewksbury, Pa., the past of Mr. Trimble's nostalgic lie. To Charles she first seems to be a witch, but, when his familial urge to suicide begins to show itself, a complicated love-hate relationship grows up between them. Paradoxically, her last service of love for Charles is the provocation of his hatred. She allows him to kill her, but only symbolically, so that he will not be destroyed by the consequences of an act which frees him from the seduction of a dead past. My somewhat halting account of Miss Skinner should give an idea of how formidable and complex a symbolic conception she is.

Unfortunately, Miss Skinner represents the story's chief failure as well, because there remains an unbridged gap between her being as a symbol and her being as a realized, believable character. I found myself reading her in the light of *Great Expectations* or "A Rose for Emily" or the vague, shadowed light of the "gothic" mode invoked in the title. In any case the light is borrowed from a source other than Miss Skinner herself. Another difficulty lies in the story's conclusion, which leaves Charles's maintenance of sanity in some doubt. "As to that, we shall just have to wait and see," says the author in his last sentence. This is fine, perhaps the only honest judgment possible. But we are also left in doubt about a specific event in the very near future, a projected return visit to Tewksbury by Charles and his fiancée. To raise such a specific possibility of a relapse, and then to leave the issue in doubt smacks a bit too much of "The Lady or the Tiger."

What I may not have conveyed so far about these stories is that they are very funny. Sheed has a fine ear for the wry turns of English and American colloquial speech, for the clipped ironies by which we bring our crises down to a more bearable level of intensity. It is largely due to this stylistic gift that both of his central characters are so well realized. Under pressure, Sheed seems to say, we have much in common with the jaunty, wilfully self-assured stand-up comic of vaudeville, stationed on a high, empty stage, urging his snappy repartee forward into the darkness.

The Crime of Punishment

KARL MENNINGER

Viking, $8.95

WILLIAM RYAN

This is a good book, laced through with the compassion and warmth that can be infused into a book only by a good man. This is particularly remarkable, because, in another key, the book could well have been a harsh and relentless polemic. It is, in summary, a criticism of our system of punishing criminals as a barbaric acting out of society's thirst for vengeance and violence. From Menninger's pen the criticism emerges as a reasonable marshaling of most unreasonable facts, presented with no trace of hysteria, but with passionate concern for the evil that is done to a handful of scapegoats. He is careful not to criticize any specific individuals or professions, but rather, pours his criticism on the system and ultimately on the society, at whose command, and for whose satisfaction, the evil is committed.

The Crime of Punishment is a splendid example of a book written by a highly sophisticated professional, in simple, eloquent terms that appeal unerringly to the humanity of the reader.

The author says straightforwardly that the public *needs* crime and loves violence, requires both the vicarious expression of its own criminal wishes and the scapegoat to torture and punish for putting those wishes into deeds. In his longest, most sustained chapter he gives us a detailed, unsparing vision of the precise process by which a few unfortunate individuals—almost all of them poor, and a disproportionate number of them black—are culled out of the herd and initiated into the process of achieving criminalhood. He underlines the facts that most writers on crime omit: that only a minority of crimes are ever reported and of those only a tiny fraction cleared by arrest; that only a minority of those arrested are punished by imprisonment, and that once a person is given this role, it is almost impossible for him to shed it. In contrast to the fate of this few, Menninger constantly reminds us that, if we define a criminal as a person who breaks the law (rather than simply as one who has been chosen as a scapegoat to inhabit a prison), we are most of us criminals—supermarket shoplifters, tax evaders, business embezzlers, and worse. But we don't get caught, so we feel righteous in torturing those who do.

Menninger, of course, is a psychiatrist, perhaps America's most eminent psychiatrist, and he is concerned with giving treatment to those who fall into the role of criminal. He sees the role of a psychiatrist in the courtroom—intricately defining the sanity of a defendant—as irrelevant and recommends that the psychiatrist not be used in this way. He is optimistic that correctional institutions can be reformed so as to be centers of treatment and rehabilitation and also makes an intriguing proposal for what he calls "community safety centers," that would combine traditional police functions with probationary and parole functions.

There are a few of Dr. Menninger's viewpoints and ideas that I, for one, disagree with. I think he is too quick to assume that most persons who are convicted are deviant. (Perhaps I say this because I was recently convicted under a criminal statute for the rare misdemeanor of "picketing a residence" in a demonstration over inadequate code enforcement in the "model city" of New Haven.) I'm not sure he is fully aware how many convicted criminals are not particularly guilty of any particular crime, but are the objects of individual or class or racial persecution by the police. I am also a little dubious about the rather casual way he dismisses such legal concepts as responsibility and *mens rea* and the procedure of trial by jury.

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And I was disappointed by some of the things that Dr. Menninger did not say. I wish he had pursued a little further the extraordinarily biased process by which men are chosen to be labeled as criminals. Recent studies have shown that the police have two *different* roles: the enforcement of law (which is a minor part of their role and which they don't do at all well) and the maintenance of public order (which is what they spend most of their energy on). I would suggest a somewhat more extreme formulation: that the police are primarily engaged in maintaining the *social* order and that one reason why so many criminals are poor and black is that the police concentrate most of their attention on these groups as part of the process of preserving what is often *illegal order.*

But one is not justified in criticizing the book that was not written. The book which Dr. Menninger did write is persuasive, eloquent, and highly knowledgeable. No one who reads it can put it down without being convinced that our present system of administering justice and punishment is an atrocious evil that must be corrected. One can only hope that those who most need to know this will read *The Crime of Punishment.*

Coresponsibility in the Church

LEON-JOSEPH CARDINAL SUENENS

Herder and Herder, $4.95

DANIEL O. DUGAN

In this, his latest book, Cardinal Suenens writes: "It is well known, as we have pointed out above, that after Vatican I there was a backlash of opinion. Some accused the Council, which had proclaimed the primacy of the pope, of having suppressed the episcopacy and of having reduced the Church to an absolute monarchy dependent on the will of one man alone."

When I read that passage for the first time, I found myself thinking "II" instead of "I" after "Vatican." And my sense of frustration, nourished these past weeks by the way our pope and bishops have ignored or patronized us people of God during what historians one day will refer to as the "crisis of *Humanae Vitae,*" found more sustenance. If only that encyclical had not yet been written; if only the pope were not acting like popes used to act before the "creative transformations" of Vatican II; if only the bishops in this country were not silencing priests and slandering newspapers; if only John McKenzie, S.J., had not written *Authority in the Church,* or Daniel Callahan *Honesty in the Church.* If only, in other words, the Church-as-it-is reflected itself accurately in the pages of *Coresponsibility in the Church,* the book would not have so frustrated me.

For the Church which the reader encounters in these pages is a Church whose keynote characteristics are a desire to be relevant to the real social and spiritual needs of men, and an operational co-respondence and co-responsibility among baptized members of the Church, clerical and lay, witnessing to the presence of a loving freedom so strong within that it cannot but touch and transform the hearts of all men of good will. The Church in this book is one whose second Vatican Council has "closed the age of Constantine, the age of medieval Christianity, the era of Counterreformation, the period of Vatican I. In the context of its ancient past, it marks a turning point in the history of the Church." The Council was one which "was primarily an intra-ecclesial event, but . . . quickly drew the attention of the whole human family, overreaching the distinctions of national, cultural, philosophical outlook and religious persuasion."

This is a Church in which "no one can deny that episcopal collegiality is a living reality." This Church has divested itself of the "older" view of obedience as a result of Vatican II, and which has created a truly Christian environment: "If relationships are to be real, then the obedience of an adult must be an adult obedience. Passivity and conformism are not synonyms for obedience. All that smacks of maternalism or paternalism on the one hand, or its echo, childishness, on the other, must be pitilessly cut out."

This is a Church which must guard against, in its enthusiasm for listening to and serving the needs of men, the danger of forgetting that its kingdom is not of this earth. In so effectively contributing to the harmony of spiritual and moral values, to save persons from the tyranny of anonymous forces like the mechanization of human work, totalitarian technocracy, and political dictatorship, this is a Church which must be on guard lest it "be absorbed in the social, the cultural, the purely human." Thus the pope, bishops, priests, deacons, theologians, religious and laity, all of us who are working so creatively in an atmosphere of freedom, must first of all "direct our energies toward a restoration of a visible unity whose source is the intimate unity of the Trinity"; evangelizing in the knowledge that the preaching of the gospel cannot wait upon the improvement of the social conditions of the poorer members of the third world.

Perhaps the "seeds" of renewal to which the Cardinal constantly refers have indeed evolved into a sturdy "tree," branches pruned and rich with foliage, in the Belgian Catholic church. It is certainly true that his own conviction and experience as Moderator of the Vatican council from 1962 through 1965 could have contributed to the formation of a Christian community in that country more obviously co-respondent to men, in which bishops, priests, and laymen are more effectively co-responsible with each other for the Church. The Cardinal's seminary, named after Pope John XXIII, seems to be a successful experiment in the kind of priestly collegiality and responsible freedom-and-authority which he urges and claims to recognize in the Church. And the fact that he has published nine books during his career as a priest, lecturer in philosophy, archbishop and Cardinal, is an indication that he incorporates in his own life the commitment to open dialogue that he urges in his book.

But American Catholics are weary of reading books dealing with the Church of Vatican II and the process of renewal. The shelves in Catholic bookstores sag under the weight of these books so

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many of which tell it like it should be, or could be; not like it is. Books dealing with renewal these days have to be extraordinarily forthright and revealing. Any such book concerning collegiality, for example, must be read by persons living through the furor caused by *Humanae Vitae,* though the book, like Cardinal Suenens', may have been written beforehand.

My frustration is not because the book fails to articulate Christian truths; it is because the truths present on its pages do not correspond to the truth about what it means to be a Roman Catholic in this country these days. It is true that the Cardinal occasionally calls attention to the fact that the Church is in change, in a process engineered partly by human hands, hearts, and minds; and that the processes of life often show facets of truth to be effective in a way that documents cannot. But it is no longer sufficient to say that.

The book frustrates by failing to say what needs to be said. For example, in discussing the necessary changes in the accidentals of the Eucharistic liturgy, and in pointing out that the Mass must express itself meaningfully to the minds of modern men, the Cardinal says: "Not only have language and modes of expression varied over the ages, but the Upper Room has been reproduced in many varied circumstances: on the altar of a martyr in the catacombs, in the great villa of a patrician convert, in the basilicas of Constantine, in the Roman churches . . . cathedrals, and today in the essential simplicity of our modern churches."

It is almost as if the underground liturgies, the thousands of Eucharistic celebrations in the homes of Christians throughout the world each day, providing meaningful liturgical encounters among brothers and sisters, and between them and God, do not exist. Similarly, in discussing the progress of the ecumenical movement, the Cardinal limits his consideration to the progress in the solution of historical theological controversies (faith vs. good works, papal primacy) between Catholics and Protestants; rather than acknowledging that the real progress in this area occurs in social action groups and ecumenical liturgical situations.

The book raises important questions, but fails to acknowledge all their implications. For example, even though preaching the gospel cannot wait upon the improvement of the social conditions of poor people, are there not situations in which that very gospel might demand revolution? Again, in claiming that the "sense of the faithful" concerning belief is a necessary factor in the pope's decisions, acknowledged as such by him, the Cardinal does not consider the situation we may now very well find ourselves in as a community; *viz.*, when the sense of the faithful conflicts instead of co-responding with the beliefs of a pope in matters of faith.

The presence of idealists in any community is generally a good thing. A book which frustrates its readers may be valuable, if it inspires them to attempt to bring lived reality in line with described vision. If only the Church really were created completely anew by

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the experience of Vatican II. If only more bishops put into action the principles to which they pledged allegiance in the documents. If only we could see how our Church, how we, were indeed transforming the world; instead of growing ever more painfully aware of our irrelevance as a Church to human life.

Hopefully there will one day really *be* co-responsibility in the Church.

The Occupying Power

GWYN GRIFFIN

Putnam, $6.95

SERGE HUGHES

How well Gwyn Griffin knows the English and the Italians! He died in 1967 at the disconcertingly early age of forty-two in Introdacqua, after a year's residence there; but he must have been living among and meditating on Italians for a long time, either on the mainland or in some Italian colony. Certainly there is no questioning his thorough knowledge of the island of Baressa, "one of Italy's earliest and most disappointing colonial acquisitions . . . six hundred miles off the northeastern coast of Italian Somaliland between Socotra and the Laccadive Islands." The island may be and indeed is imaginary, but there is nothing imaginary about its English and Italian inhabitants. They were there, whether the island was real or not. The author's approach to this world, the fact that he prefers to fashion "types" rather than many-dimensioned characters, underlines this almost self-evident truth. As types, these Englishmen and Italians are an authentic part of the human landscape in the world of World War II and its immediate aftermath, in places that were small and distant enough to hide in, and where combatants of both sides sought to practice to the best of their ability the art of protective coloration against an intruding outside world.

Peopling an imaginary island with real people, however, is a trick that has been done so many times before—and historical plausibility and verisimilitude have their limits. Like people of flesh and blood, plausible fictitious personages are often boring. Happily, Mr. Griffin knows all about this danger, and some others to boot. He is astringent, never dry. The characters of the novel, consequently—though in fact there is but one character, Major Euan Lemonfield of the Occupied Enemies' Territories Administration—depend on historical plausibility up to a point. Once past that, art begins; and that art is arresting and unusual, a hovering between "type" and "caricature," a balance maintained and sustained by an irony that rarely lapses into complacency.

The Italians in Baressa are cynical but not altogether so, comically weak rather than ludicrous. They enjoy life and they enjoy money. For all their vociferous generosity and calculated out-going ways they relish the dog-eat-dog feel of rugged colonial capitalism as much as any tight-lipped Scotch Presbyterian. The English on the island, for their part, are by and large no-nonsense, hard-working civil servants who reject what is excessively alien and bad form. The same English are also, however, scarcely curable romantics, escapists, and if anything more grimly resolved than the Italians to lose themselves in a world which, though not at all paradisiacal, compares well enough with that other world from which they came.

The embodiment of the ironical spirit which delights in its cruel, clear-eyed recognition of the Italian aspect of Englishmen and the English traits of Italians is, of course, Euan Lemonfield, the utterly dominant character of the story, who assumes command of the island at first in the name of Great Britain and subsequently in the name of the now Colonel Lemonfield. Anti-militaristic (the OETA is a civilian bureau and in civilian life Lemonfield is a lawyer), awesomely conceited, exasperatingly conscientious, brave, magnificently resourceful and altogether mad, he is the civil servant turned *principe* within the limits of British decency and Italian connivance—and the account of his rise to power and sudden fall is spell-binding. In scope it is somewhat reminiscent, oddly enough, of Machiavelli's *Principe*, and indeed in what it says of fortune and political prowess it is very close to Machiavelli. Unlike the partly inhibited humanist, however, Griffin knows how to distinguish between political yearnings and political philosophy to the very last; and he also knows how to bring a story to a bloody sweeping Baroque finale before letting it die with a whimper. And this rare skill, this alternation of irony, comic spirit and baroque tempos and explosions, is but one more reason for taking notice of this novel in an age where every day sees a new one.

The Huxleys

RONALD W. CLARK

McGraw-Hill, $8.95

MAISIE WARD

The Huxleys is as little confusing as the brief history of what has been called a dynasty could well be. A genealogical table sorts out for us both the sixteen members of the Huxley family who published books and the many others distinguished in their various fields. It is open to doubt whether the author has attempted to cover too wide a field, but the book is immensely interesting. It begins in 1845, with the founding father, Thomas Henry Huxley, a young ship's surgeon, courting in Sydney, Australia, the delightful woman who became his wife eight years later. He had by then attracted the attention of scientists, and Charles Darwin wrote a very 19th-century letter: "I hope your marriage will not make you idle; happiness, I fear, is not good for work."

Leslie Stephen would later describe T. H. Huxley as in the front rank not only of scientists but of men of letters. And certainly his gifts of speech and writing aided him in the rapid progress which followed his first papers for the Royal and Linnean Societies. He is remembered as teaching aspiring lecturers always to talk to their audience, never to the blackboard on which they were demonstrating. After a first success he never looked back, though often exhausted or overwhelmed with family cares.

In her own way Henrietta was as re-

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markable as her husband. I can well remember her half a century later at Hodeslea, the house built at Eastbourne when Huxley retired from active work in London. He always claimed that the remedy for every evil of mind or body was to walk uphill—and walk *fast*. Behind the house was the great green sweep of the Downs, and above the white cliffs my father walked many miles with Huxley on fine afternoons.

Family life always came first and both T. H. and Henrietta were in those days deeply involved with a multitude of grandchildren. "I like that boy," said the grandfather when Julian was only four, "he looks you straight in the face and disobeys you." When we children got into trouble playing together the Huxleys pleaded a law of nature, the Wards' original sin—neither family succeeded in evading punishment.

But, more clearly than any of the children, I remember their grandmother whose poetry my mother used to read aloud, who lived on after Huxley's death in 1895 and died only on the verge of the First World War in her ninetieth year.

In 1893, toward the end of his strenuous and successful life, Thomas Henry Huxley was invited to deliver the Romanes lecture at Oxford. One of the most prominent supporters of Darwinian evolution, he spoke on "Evolution and Ethics" startling his followers by sharply separating ethics from the evolutionary process. He saw, he said, no ethical purpose in Nature: "that is an article of exclusive human manufacture —and very much to our credit." He added the corollary that man had now to fight against the system which had created him. This, said Herbert Spencer indignantly, meant "that there exists something in us which is not a product of the cosmic process."

When half a century later Huxley's grandson Julian, Romanes lecturer for 1943, chose for his title "Evolutionary Ethics" *he* must certainly have been thinking of Thomas Henry. Ronald Clark describes Julian as resolving the contradiction by looking both backward and forward, and seeing ethics "as merely one product of the long climb upwards from the mud. Man was now able, in Julian's words to 'inject his ethics into the heart of evolution'." How much heart there was, might well have been open to question. The family had passed from the peace of Victorian days to the Second World War—and for Julian to the blitz in London.

Both brothers, Julian and Aldous, were too old, and Aldous too blind, for military service; but Aldous was living in peaceful California (much criticised for this by many in England including his own relatives) while Julian was in the thick of it. But, perhaps three years after his Romanes lecture, Julian might have shared with Aldous a fear of the peace about to be established. If mankind, Aldous said, was ever to be "put together" again it might be in a "nightmarish and pauperized form". And there was the bomb.

National States," he wrote, "armed by science with superhuman military power always remind me of Swift's

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description of Gulliver being carried up to the roof of the King of Brobdignag's palace by a gigantic monkey; reason, human decency and spirituality, which are strictly individual matters, find themselves in the clutches of a collective will, which has the mentality of a delinquent boy of fourteen in conjunction with the physical power of God."

One need not sympathize with his attempt to break by drugs into a world more akin to man's soul, but one must admire the search Aldous was making through the Philosophia Perennis and other paths for a spiritual basis of life. Grandsons not only of Thomas Huxley but of Arnold of Rugby, nephews of Matthew Arnold, both brothers remind us often of this heritage.

Mr. Clark does not mention Julian's discovery of Teilhard de Chardin, but in the Introduction to *The Phenomenon of Man* Julian would later say that he had been following a similar line of investigation. In his Romanes Lecture he showed (as also in this Introduction) what the years had done towards closing an unhappy gap. In the Metaphysical Society of the 19th century T. H. Huxley and W. G. Ward had become close friends, yet they continued to regard one another's ideas as respectively "intellectually degrading" and "blasphemous."

Teilhard, said Huxley's grandson, might meet with complaints from both scientist and theologian on this or that point. But "the religiously-minded can no longer turn their backs upon the natural world; nor can the materialistically-minded deny importance to spiritual thought and feeling."

I have seen criticism of the large proportion given in Mr. Clark's book to these two brothers among the Huxley clan. Others, we are told, were more considerable scientists than Julian, Aldous's novels have been greatly overrated. The time has arrived for that reaction which always follows years of high popularity. But most readers will be grateful for the picture of three colorful personalities and the sweep of history this book illuminates.

The Crying Game

JOHN BRAINE

Houghton-Mifflin, $5.95

A Killing for Christ

PETE HAMILL

World, $5.50

JOHN LEO

It may seem that the current crop of pop Catholic novels is all being churned out by the same typist—good old ex-Father Bob, former author of "Plain Talk to Bill and Jane about Sex," current author of "The Seamy Rectory" (introduction by ex-Father Kavanaugh).

But there are some in the genre without a doughty young curate and his crotchety, but plucky, bishop. John Braine (*Room at the Top, Life at the Top*) explores the possibilities of gassy right-wing moralizing over a pack of non-clerical Catholics in swinging London. Pete Hamill has tried, and successfully brought off, a theological thriller, a Graham Greene entertainment with one of Greene's tortured priests unraveling a plot to assassinate the pope.

The premise of Braine's interminable sermon is that permissiveness is ruining both church and state. The Catholic characters plod through a plotless underworld of betrayal, perversion and abortions, revealing themselves to other Papists with coy theological hints, or failing that, correctly identifying the holders of meatless plates at Friday night buffets as co-religionists. Nothing much occurs after these little epiphanies, though the epiphanized think there is something residually special or portentous that Catholic has reached out to Catholic across the deep.

The journalist-hero, unscarred by 295 pages of sexual and political outrages, is truly traumatized on page 296 when he tells his first lie, a mini-whopper that wouldn't have given St. Theresa a pang. ("I was already beginning to be ashamed of myself. I had told a lie. . . .") He therefore marries a good Catholic girl and retires to the countryside to raise right-wing Catholics, none of whom, I hope, ever grows up to be a novelist.

In contrast, Hamill's brisk venture into papicide is a delight. The plot is not all that complicated or probable, and it must be said that most major characters come direct from central casting (the disillusioned cleric, the decadent Roman aristocrat, the Jewish-Nazi assassin), but Hamill manages to make these flaws seem minor. Suspense, humor, and the sharp insight of a sophisticated Vaticanologist make it a highly readable book.

There are many nice touches. The romanized Canadian bureaucrat at the Vatican is precisely right. One flourish is particularly winning: the reward for the publisher who hires the assassin for the curial cardinal who wants the pope dead is permission to publish the new catechism, presumably non-Dutch. Now who could improve on that?

The novel was written early last year. So in reading it, take the imaginative leap back to those balmy days when Pope Paul (for it is Paul in the book) had not yet officially launched the Second Counter-Reformation, and was still worth assassinating by a reactionary cardinal. Try to forget that a curial diehard would have to be half-blind to do so today, even in a light novel.

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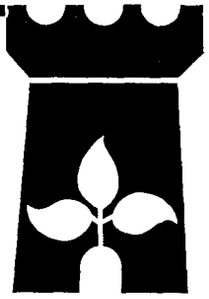

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CORRESPONDENCE

(Continued from page 511)

they would strengthen the element of affirmation of moral integrity, rather than that of jockeying for a fair share of minority rights. JOHN H. YODER

In Defense of Bishops

St. Louis

To the Editors: A diocesan journal can properly be criticized if it invariably offers only paeans of praise for every episcopal act and pronouncement. I wonder if an independent and frequently critical journal like *Commonweal* mustn't beware of the other extreme of the same danger—automatically finding flaws even when the bishops do the right thing.

John Deedy's comments on the second chapter of the Bishops' Pastoral [Dec. 6] are a case in point. Teeing off with Ted Fiske's characterization of the bishops as "unenthusiastic revolutionaries," Mr. Deedy has to maneuver circumspectly to find grounds for refusing hosannahs to the bishops for adopting policies which many concerned Catholics and *Commonweal* itself had sought.

He speaks of the bishops' "gratuitous dimunition of the witness of young people." How can he avoid mention of the bishops' stated admiration for young people willing to suffer jail and social ostracism for their principles? Why does he ignore their noble admission that "If war is ever to be outlawed and replaced by more humane and enlighted institutions" much of the credit will be due these young resisters?

Mr. Deedy also asks why the alternative proposed by the bishops to military service should be "possible, but not easy." Far from merely being an arbitrary stringency can this not be seen as a recommendation that the government simply get out of the business of probing men's consciences by offering alternative service—but alternative service made more commensurate with the danger of being killed in military service by longer duration or fewer post-service benefits? Presumably this would cause those who simply don't care to face danger to think twice before claiming objector status.

Finally I see nothing derogatory in the phrase "so-called selective conscientious objection." As far as I know, the term is familiar but has no legal status and so the bishops' phrase is precise. It is illogical to believe that they intended to put down the very men whose actions they were defending and whose motives they were praising.

Now no statement is going to be perfect unless the *Commonweal* editors —or I—compose it. The danger is that many *Commonweal* readers without access to the text will fail to see the rather extraordinary step taken by the bishops, and the sensitivity they have shown to the expressed desire of the Christian community for moral leadership in highly controverted social issues. It also fails to reflect credit on a brave core of bishops willing to fight for such positions and the agreement of the vast majority of conservative and liberal bishops alike to vote affirmatively on the continued relevance of the Gospel to modern man.

REV. EDWARD J. O'DONNELL
Editor, *St. Louis Review*

Reply

One might also have cited the bishops' gratuitous raising of the question of the moral and spiritual "cowardice" of some resisters of the war. And their restrained conclusion that "for many of our youthful protestors, the motives spring honestly from a principled opposition." If this is not the language of "unenthusiastic revolutionaries," it is not that either of bold moral leaders, especially tardy ones. JOHN DEEDY

Eakins Material Sought

New York

To the Editors: I am writing a book on the American painter Thomas Eakins (1844-1916), which will include a catalogue raisonné of his works. I would appreciate it if anyone who owns work by Eakins, with whom I have not already been in communication, would be kind enough to write me at the address below. This would be of great help in completing the record of this leading American artist. LLOYD GOODRICH

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Paths to Renewal

Is silence really the way to show one's concern for the Church? It is not necessary to point out the widespread abuse of episcopal power, the arbitrariness of many superiors, the absence in most cases of any forum of complaint except the public press? . . . We too urge moderation, but we urge it first on superiors and bishops. If the Church is facing a crisis of authority, it is because authority has too often outreached itself. —COMMONWEAL, November 29, 1968

The Church has incorporated into its structures and daily life all kinds of features from the various cultures in which it has lived; characteristics of the monarchical and feudal past seem particularly hard to get rid of. Under the circumstances, there is absolutely no reason why the Church should not learn from the good things of democracy, including respect for due process, freedom to express personal beliefs, freedom to seek for truth without harassment, the right to full access to full information about the operations of the Church, the right to freedom of association and petition, the right to effective redress, and the like. —December 20, 1968

Until the Church's reputation for disinterest, wisdom and objectivity is somewhat restored, churchmen might well observe a becoming modesty in lecturing the secular world, might well strive to eliminate the note of ecclesiastical triumphalism that so often creeps into documents like papal Christmas messages. . . . Few would deny that the world today *is* in need of a message of hope—we certainly would not—but that message can come with good grace only from a penitent and humble Church, a Church deeply conscious of its own human limitations and its own sins of omission and commission.

—January 17, 1969

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